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Mamamouchi,

OR THE

CITIZEN

TURN'D

Gentleman:

A

COMEDY

Acted at the

DUKE'S THEATRE.

By *Edw. Ravenscroft.* Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the Corner of *Chancery-Lane*, over against the *Inner Temple Gate* in *Fleetstreet*, 1675.

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The Actors Names.

Men.

Mr. *Jorden*, Formerly a Citizen, but now sets up for a Gentleman.	Mr. *Nokes*.
Young *Jorden*, His Son, in love with *Marina*.	Mr. *Cademan*.
Mr. *Cleverwit*, In love with *Lucia*.	Mr. *Crosby*.
Sir *Simon Softhead*, A Country Knight.	Mr. *Underbil*.
Trickmore, } Two men of Intrigue.	Mr. *Harris*.
Cureal, }	Mr. *Sandford*.

Vallet de Chambre.

Maistre Jaques, French Master to the Citizen.	Mr. *Angel*.

Women.

Lucia, Daughter to Mr. *Jorden*.	Mrs. *Bitterton*.
Marina, A young Lady.	Mrs. *Burroughs*.
Betty Trickmore, *Trickmore*'s Sister, her Woman.	Mrs. *Leigh*.

Musick and Dancing-Master.
Two Chymists.
Four Operators.
Two Boys and a Woman.
Turks, Singers, Dancers, Pages, Attendants, &c.

SCENE *London*.

TO

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TO

HIS HIGHNESS

Prince Rupert.

MY ambition of dedicating this to your Highneſs, proceeds not from the more than ordinary encouragement it receiv'd from you, when it appear'd on the Stage: tho' of thirty times it has been acted, you ſeldom failed to honour it with your preſence. 'Twould be preſumption in me to examine why you did it that Grace; and vain-glory to attribute it to the merits of the Play, ſince the beſt have not receiv'd the like honour.

Nor does the envy of Criticks force me to invoke your Princely Patronage; it were as vain to think the name of a Patron ſhould ſhield it from their cenſures, as it would hinder the rude rable (if ingrav'd on the Front of a houſe) from breaking the windows. The malice of theſe, and the rudeneſs of the others may lead 'em to do either, without convincing them they are guilty of any diſreſpect. And Criticks ſtand up as zealouſly for the liberty of their Tongues, as Fanaticks for liberty of Conſcience; and rail as ſpitefully againſt Plays, as that perverſe Generation does againſt Magiſtrates and Governours.

The third common pretence of Authors I likewiſe diſown: I boaſt not of any particular favours received; bleſſings flow from Princes, as light does from the Sun, which ſhines on all at once. They oblige not *Perſons*, but *Nations*: Of that great Virtue, SIR, you ſtand a glorious Example. You engag'd your ſelf in our inteſtine diſſentions: You was the Thunderbolt of War; the enemies where-ever you came, or fled or fell before you: You threw your ſelf into the ſtorm to ſave us; and when it had ſhipwrack'd the beſt of Monarchs, your Piety led you to exile with the Son: when his Country and Subjects forſook him, you did not; but with him ſhar'd the dangers and hardſhips of baniſhment, till Heaven (which laid the yoke of tyranny for puniſhment on our rebellious necks) was pleas'd to reſtore him to us, or rather us to our King. The Sun had it been ſo long abſent, could not be more welcome; with him like a train of glorious Lights, return'd the Royal Family, and not long after your Royal ſelf; after you you drew a chain of Bleſſings, Freedom, Peace, Religion, Unity, which ever ſince we have enjoyed: What foes we have abroad; we need not fear, whilſt we have your Counſel for Conduct, and your Sword for Execution. You ſtill like

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England's Angel Guardian stand ready to defend it; and so long as we have either Memory or Gratitude, every tongue must speak your fame, and every heart dedicate it self to you as a Trophee, owing to your gallantry. What a noble stock of Virtue must you have, so entirely to captivate the hearts of a Nation, to which you was born a stranger! Who, when they hear your name, or see it here prefixt, will not repeat it, and say, You are the *Heroe* of the World; then in a transport run o'er your mighty Deeds and Actions, which make you famous above mankind in our present Annals, and will with excess of Glory bear your name to after Ages? How just an occasion have I here, to say all that can be said of man without danger of being thought a flatterer? But, Sir, were you less than what you are, I could say more: Now all is truth, nor can that truth be contain'd in an Epistle. And I know the perfect *Heroe* blushes as much at the narration of his Virtues, as the Lady exactly Beautiful at the Relation of her Perfections: Praise seems to lessen both, for 'tis thought we rather speak what they should be, than what they are. Virtue ought to find Imitators, and Beauty more Admirers than Commenders: Nor would I give the most malicious any ground to think you can be flatter'd; or that I hope by flattery and insinuation to make attonement for this presumption: your Virtues drew it on you; those Virtues which have so much oblig'd our Nation, engage all hearts to pay our thanks as tribute to you: Involv'd in the common fate, I take this occasion to attest my acknowledgments, and to beg your Highness to look upon this, not so much the Dedication of a Play, as of a Heart. That other Poets stand at an awful distance, argues not my rudeness but the greatness of my zeal, which prompts me to believe that the boldness of performing so great a Duty, is not a crime equal to the forbearance; and I shall accompt it my glory to have led the way, where others made a stand.

Your Highness's

Most humble and

Most obedient Servant,

Edward Ravenscroft.

PROLOGUE.

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PROLOGUE.

Gallants you're so unconstant grown of late,
That Plays and Mistresses have the same fate;
For both with you grow quickly out of date.
Each with variety so taken is,
You'l see but once or the same Play or Miss.
Go on, we'l not your liberty retrench,
Like this for change, as you wou'd do a wench:
But know, when the transslating vein is past,
That you must not expect new Plays so fast.
Then Wit and sence will come into request,
And something more than a vain Fop well dress'd.
The Taylor now in Plays makes the best jest.
And 'twill be time to check this full carreer
Of Plays, and Act but two or three a year.
With plenty you are cloy'd, but when grown scarce,
You will esteem 'em more; and then a Farce
Will entertain you for a Moneth at least;
Not what is good, *but* scarce *does make a Feast.*
Then shall the Knight that had a knock in's Cradle,
Such as Sir Martin, *or Sir* Arthur Addle,
Be flock'd unto, as the great Heroes *now*
In Plays of Rhyme and Noyse with wond'rous show.
Then shall the House (to see these Hectors *kill and slay,*
That bravely fight out the whole Plot of th' Play,)
Be for at least six Moneths full ev'ry day.
If beauty grows so scarce, your Misses too
Will find that you'l to them more constant grow.
Now the enjoy'd you slight; if you're inclin'd
To visit them, it is not to be kind.
You play the Criticks, you find fault and jeer,
And 'gainst your Miss are wittily severe;
As fain you'd be on Plays when you come here.
You like prejudicated Judges sit;
There Beauties faults you find, here those of Wit.
'Gainst both I've heard Women and Poets say,
No Critick is like him that ev'ry day
Sees a fresh Girl, and each Week a new Play.

PROLOGUE.

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PROLOGUE ſpoken at the *Middle-Temple.*

OUr Author thinks 'tis not in vain to ſue
For pardon here, for he is one of you;
And hopes he has ſome little int'reſt here;
But yet his hope is not quite void of fear:
For by the grave it may objected be,
Who can at once mind Law and Poetry?
But this he bid me ſay in his excuſe,
A fortnights ſickneſs did this Play produce;
His ſickneſs was the Bawd unto his Muſe.
If after that he ſpent ſome idle time
In courting her, he hopes 'twas no great crime.
Fortune has puniſh'd him; for like a Whore
She lays the Brat e'en at his Chamber-door;
The common'ſt Wench i'th' Town could do no more.
The Father owns the Child, which none of you
His fellow Students ever yet would do;
Tho' in Hand-baskets the poor fools did ly,
And at your ſtair-caſe feet for ſuccour cry.
For them———
He does his yearly contribution pay;
Therefore be kind to his but this one day:
For its relief you need not draw your purſe,
Give it good words, and this ſhall back to Nurſe.

Mamamouchi,

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Mamamouchi,

OR THE

CITIZEN

TURN'D

Gentleman, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain draws up and discovers the Musick Master sitting at a Table surrounded by Musicians Composing, the Dancing Master and Dancers practising steps on each side of the Stage.

Enter Mr. Jorden *in a Morning-Gown,* Jaques, *Foot-boy.*

Jord. SO, so, Gentlemen, I see you are at it, come let's have a sight of your little Droll.

Mus. Mast. How, Sir, our Droll?

Jord. Eh, your what do you call't, your Prologue of Song and Dance. *Danc. Mast.* Ah, ah, ah.

Mus. Mast. Our Dialogue you mean, well 'tis ready.

Jord. I have made you stay a little too long, but as I am a Gentleman, and as I hope to be a Knight, (mark that, for so I mean to be once in my life) my Taylor was in fault.

Danc. Master. We wait your leisure with a great deal of willingness.

Jord. He brought home this *Indian* Gown, Cap, and Slippers, —how do you like 'em? *Mus. Mast.* Extremely well.

Danc. Mast. You appear very graceful. *Jord.* So, so, *Jack*—Boy.

Boy.

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Boy. Here, Sir; what would you pleaſe to have?

Jord. Nothing, I called to ſee if you be diligent in your attendance: how do you like my livery?

Muſ. Maſt. Very fine and noble. *Jord.* Jack?

Jaq. Who do he ſpeak to? *Boy.* To you.

Jaq. Begar den let him call me be me name, me be no ſhauck.

Jord. Jack, come hither *Jack*.

Jaq. Shauck, me be no ſhauck, call your Engliſhman ſhauck, me be called Maitre *Jaques*. *Jord.* Maſter *Jack* come hither.

Jaq. Ho, ho, dat be ver well, here be your tres humble, and tres obeiſant vallet.

Jord. Hold back my Gown, and you, Sarrah, hold back the other ſide,—ſo, ſee Gentlemen, here is a little looſe morning garb, does it pleaſe you?

Muſ. Maſt. Wonderfully. *Danc. Maſt.* Neat and Gentile.

Jord. Stay, pull it off, that they may view me round.—How do you like me from top to toe? *Muſ. Maſt.* Your habit is worthy admiration.

Danc. Maſt. Gallant from head to foot.

Jord. My Suit will come home by and by, that will be fine indeed.

Danc. Maſt. The ceremony requires it.

Jord. Ha, you mean my Daughter's wedding, but know there is more in the wind than ſo: this day I am to begin to court a Miſtreſs, a Knight's Daughter, I'l aſſure you.

Muſ. Maſt. And all our preparations are for her entertainment.

Jord. And to render my ſelf more acceptable, I have required your helps to make me an accompliſh'd Gentleman; if ſinging and dancing won't win her, the Devil's in her,—Well, I'l ſee your Dance rehearſed; but firſt let me hear the Song.

SONG.

I ſigh all the Night, and I languiſh all Day,
And much to be pitty'd I am:
E'er ſince your bright eyes, my heart did ſurpriſe
I could not extinguiſh the flame:
But you, ſince y'ave known my heart was your own,
Tho' before you was kind, now ſcornful are grown;
If ſo cruel you prove
To the man that you love;
Ah Phyllis! *Ah!* Phyllis, *what fate*
Have you in reſerve for the wretch that you hate?

Danc. Maſt. Muſ. Muſt. Very well.

Jord.

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Jord. But methinks this Song is a little too doubtful, and enough to put a woman into the dumps, if she have any kindness for me.

Muſ. Maſt. 'Tis a delicate Air, and the words are not amiſs.

Jord. I learnt a very pretty one t'other day of a Friend; ſtay, how begins it? *Muſ. Maſt.* Nay, I know not.

Jord. There is ſomething of Mutton in it. *Danc. Maſt.* Mutton?

Jord. Yes,—oh, no, no, no, 'twas Lamb—ah—I have it. [*He ſings.*

SONG.

My Miſtreſs is as kind as fair,
My Miſtreſs is as kind as fair,
And as gentle as Lambs are;
And yet alaſs, alaſs, ah laſs,
Sometimes to me
She'l as cruel be,
As in the Wood fierce Wolves and Tygers are.

Is it not very ſprightly? *Muſ. Maſt.* As can be.

Danc. Maſter. And you humour it well.

Jord. Well, now for my dancing, and becauſe the Morning is far ſpent, I will only practiſe over the Minuets: Ah, of all Dances that pleaſes me moſt.

Danc. Maſt. Come, Sir, begin; your hat, Sir, ſo now your honour: La, la, ſa, la, la, ſa, la, la (bis) [*Dances aukerdly.* not too faſt, la, la, la, la, keep your leg ſtraight, la, la, la, don't hunch up your ſhoulders ſo; la, la, ſa, la, la, la, la, you carry your arms as if they were broken, la, la, la, la, la, hold up your head, keep your toes out, la, la, la, don't loll out your tongue, la, la, la, and make ſuch faces, la, la, la, la, as if you were on the cloſe-ſtool, la, la, la, &c. ſo, ſo.

Jord. Euh! *Muſ. Maſt.* Very well.

Danc. Maſt. I hope to get credit by him.

Muſ. Maſt. Money you mean: Well Mr. *Jorden*, it is not enough to proceed thus alone, but you would do well once a week to have a Muſick Club at your houſe, and play and ſing in conſort, it will much benefit you. *Jord.* And ſo I will, now you put me in mind on't.

Danc. Maſt. And once a fortnight a Ball, you will have the whole Court with you, and all the fine Ladies of the Town.

Muſ. Maſt. 'Twill make you known at Court.

Danc. Maſt. And familiar with Noblemen: a Gentleman is known by what company he keeps.

Jord. You adviſe well, ſweet-hearts; but are you perfect at your Dialogue and Dance? *Muſ. Maſt.* We intend you ſhall ſee it perform'd.

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Jord. No; 'tis too late now: look they be perfect against dinner, and I am satisfied. *Danc. Mast.* I'll warrant the Dancers.

Musc. Mast. And I'll ingage for the Musick.

Jord. Well, your servant; stay, shew me with what reverence I ought to accost my Mistress, 'twill be the next thing I shall have need of.

Danc. Mast. To do it with respect, you must first draw your leg behind you and bow, then march up towards her with three Congees forward, and at the last you bow so low as to kiss her hand; try it once over:—Very well; your servant. [*Musc. Mast. Danc. Mast. Exeunt.*

Jord. Your servant.—Come now to my French Lesson.

Mr. Jaq. Vell, Sir, have you got te Catalogue of te French words, me give you in your memoire?

Jord. Yes, and I find I can bring 'em all in, in discourse with my Mistress; tho I can't talk French to her, 'twill be next to't, she'll think I can.

Jaq. 'Tis be me invention, and judge Maitre *Jorden*, if it be no ver rational, bevore me teash you te rules, you be inure to our language, by making it as it vere your own.

Jord. Nay, I think to make it our own is a very ready way to learn it.

Jaq. And 'tis course vill ver much refine te English Language; If you observe all Travellers give te ver many littil graces to their discourse vith te tang of te French, you shall no hear speak one sentence vithout *Bon mein, jaunté devoir, effort, &c.*

Jord. I have observ'd it. But to our Lesson, I am in haste.

Jaq. Now proceed we to teash you te right pronunciation of te Vowels, because of Letters tey be te best, and no word is, or can be vithout one or more of tem.

Jord. Vowels, why are there any Vowels in our Alphabet?

Jaq. Yes, Sir, te number be five, and te same vith yours, these be they, *A, E, I, O, V.* *A* be pronounce like *a, u, au*; As for Example in some English words, *all, fall*, and no as in *ale, stale*. *Jord. A, au.*

Jaq. Right, *A* opening strongly your mouth, and drawing your jaws vide asunder. *Jord. Au*, right.

Jaq. E, is pronounce by heaving te neather jaw to te upper, *A, E.*

Jord. E, A, E, E, directly.

Jaq. I be pronounce not as your English man do Latin, *Qui mihi*, but more like to te second Vowel *E*, and is form by drawing your jaws yet more near den bevore, and drawing the two corners of your mouth to te ears, *A, E, I.*

Jord. A, E, I, I, I; Dad, 'tis true, may Learning flourish.

Jaq. O is form by opening te jaws, closing te lips at the two corners, and opening tem in te middle, *O.*

Jord. Let me see that again. *Jaq. O, O.*

Jord.

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Jord. Right, *O, O, O*, nothing more true, *A, E, I, O, O, I, O*; ah, 'tis admirable.

Jaq. Te opening of te mouth is a little round repreſenting one *O*.

Jord. What a fine thing is knowledge!

Jaq. V be form by approaſhing te teet vithout quite joyning them; truſting your lips at full length from your face, approaching alſo one te oder vithout cloſing, and tis Vowel requires te ſtrongeſt and te freeſt expiration of your breat of any Letter vhatſoere. *Jord. V, V.*

Jaq. Not as you pronounce it, like *Ton*, more like *Eu, u*, vith a long breating out of our breat. *Jord.* Like *Eu, u*.

Jaq. Right, *u*, as if you made a mouſh to mock ſomebody. To morrow, Sir, we'll proceed to te Dipthongs which be eleven, and te next day ve'l mannage te Conſonants.

Jord. Conſonants? *Jaq.* Tey are te other Letters.

Jord. I ſhall make a ſhift to learn 'm all at once, I am pretty apt becauſe I bend my mind to't. *Jaq.* Nothing is hard to a villing mind.

Jord. But how many did you ſay the five Vowels were?

Jaq. You nam'd te number, fife, Sir, fife.

Jord. Right, the five Vowels are five, I'l note that down in my Table-Book: numbers are the worſt things can be truſted to my memory. A Lady at Court yeſterday morning asked me how many the ten Commandements were, and I proteſt I had forgot: I have noted this next to that. *Jaq.* Tings ve no oft tink of ſoon run out of te brain.

Jord. Well, what is a good expreſſion to break ones mind to a Lady, and to let her know I love her? *Jaq.* Be you in love den Maitre?

Jord. Yes. *Jaq.* Vith whom?

Jord. Truly I have never yet ſeen her, but I ſhall anon.

Jaq. Vell, Sir, vou'd you have te expreſſion in Proſe or in te Verſe?

Jord. Not in Verſe. *Jaq.* In Proſe den?

Jord. No, nor in Proſe: I would have it neither in Proſe nor Verſe.

Jaq. Jerne, it muſt be in one or te oder.

Jord. Why ſo, if I won't have it ſo?

Jaq. Becauſe, Sir, all expreſſion be in te one or te oter.

Jord. What have we nothing but Proſe and Verſe? What a mad Language is ours? I'l learn French ſo much the ſooner for't.

Jaq. Dat be te ſame in all Languages; dat vich is no Proſe is Verſe, and dat vich is no Verſe is Proſe.

Jord. What is it we talk now? *Jaq.* Proſe.

Jord. Well, if I ſay to my Miſtreſs, Fair Lady, the luſtre of your fair eyes do wound my heart.

Jaq. Dat be te Proſe: you may add, and their bright flame has burnt it to a Cinder. *Jord.* Well, I'l ſtudy a Speech, I warrant you.

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Enter Boy.

Boy. The Taylor, Sir, has sent your suit home again.

Jord. Ah, the shoulder-knot stands right now: go fetch my Sword and Belt, my Hat and Periwig, that I may dress me presently. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Lucia.

Lucia. Sir, Here's a servant sent to you from the next house, to inform you that there are some persons sick, and to desire they may not be disturbed with your Musick.

Jord. The Musick has been gone a good while.

Luc. The Neighbours say 'tis fitter for you to exercise your Musick, Dancing and Fencing in the Schools.

Jord. A company of Fools, they'l teach a Gentleman what to do, will they?

Luc. Your gentility is troublesome to the whole Neighbourhood: they have often complain'd of the disturbance you make with Musick, Dancing and Fencing.

Jord. Pish, a man shan't learn good breeding for them I warrant you, 'tis a sign they want it, they are so rude to talk so: What's a Gentleman but his liberty?

Luc. Every body much wonders what you mean by learning to dance at these years.

Jord. It's a greater wonder they are not so wise as to know, 'tis never too late to learn.

Luc. And to speak French. *Jord.* It is altogether spoke at Court.

Luc. The Court, Sir, is no fit place for you, nor you no fit man for it.

Jord. I not fit for the Court! I was born a Courtier, only I was spoil'd in the bringing up.

Luc. My Grand-father, Sir, brought you up in his own way:

Jord. Your Grand-father! alas poor old silly Citt, I cannot but laugh to think what an Asse he was to imagine that I would stand sneaking in my Shop all my life with my Cap in my hand, crying, What do you lack, Gentlemen, choice of good Silks: I'd have you to know *Lucia*, I have no such Mechanick Spirit in me. Now he is dead, I defie *Pater-Noster-Row*, and all within my Lord Mayor's Jurisdiction.

Luc. My Grand-father, Sir, was held a wise man.

Jord. A wise man, and an Alderman, ha, ha, ha. A rich man you mean. *Luc.* No, Sir, I mean a wise man.

Jord. Alas, *Luce*, you are a Fool, you know not what you say.

Luc. Very well. *Jord.* Very well! ha, ha, ha, why, what is it you say?

Luc. That the Court——

Jord. I speak not now of the Court, I ask, if you know, what it is you say? *Luc.* And I tell you, Sir, I say that the Court——

Jord. Pish, the Girl's a Fool; I say again I talk not now of the Court,

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Court, but ask you if you know what this is you speak to me and I to you? *Luc.* What is it? 'tis English. *Ford.* True, but what else?

Luc. Nothing else, 'tis every word English.

Ford. Was there ever such a dunce? What are these words?

Luc. What are these words? *Ford.* Yes: What?

Luc. Letters make Syllables, Syllables Words, Words Sentences, and Sentences a Discourse. *Ford.* And is this all you know? *Luc.* Yes.

Ford. God help your head, what a fine fellow shou'd I be, were I as ignorant as your self.

Luc. Where lies my ignorance? What was it I said, say you?

Ford. 'Twas Prose you Fool. *Luc.* Prose!

Ford. Yes Prose, all that is Prose is not Verse, and all that is Verse is not Prose: La you there now: Do you know what it is you do, when you say *U*? *Luc.* I say *U*.

Ford. Pish——but what do you do then? Come, say *U*.

Luc. Well Sir, *U*. *Ford.* Well; what did you do then?

Luc. I did as you bid me.

Ford. Invincible stupidity, you open'd your mouth, thrust your lips out at length forward, let your under jaw fall almost to meet the upper, and strongly sent out your breath——*U*——see there——*U*——as it were make a mouth at one——*U*——I cou'd puzle you too, with asking you how many the five Vowels are, and tell you as much of every one of them——this 'tis to be a *Vertoso*.——Hah——this Fencing-master comes not yet——Boy, run toth' door, and when you see him coming, bring me word. *Boy Exit.*

Luc. These Exercises of fencing and dancing in my opinion were fitter for my Brother, he is not above twenty years old.

Ford. Your Brother——puh——he can ne'r be a Gentleman. I was born a Citizen my self, and his Mother was a Citizen born, he was not allyed to gentility on either side, forty or fifty pounds a year will maintain him in his native quality——but for you Daughter, because you are a Gentlewoman by your Mothers side, I have provided better; you shall be married to the *Suffolk* Knight that will be here anon; the Articles of Marriage are agreed upon by your Uncle who is his Townsman. The Writings are already drawn, and sent up with the settlement of your Joynture, and provision for younger Children; if he comes time enough you shall be married to day. *Luc.* To day!

Ford. Yes, to day, for I long to have a Gentleman, and a Knight for my Son-in-Law. *Luc.* I have no ambition to be a Lady.

Ford. I have. *Luc.* Marry him your self then.

Ford. If you anger me, I'l make you a Dutchess, a Countess at least.

Luc. Truly I have no mind. *Ford.* Truly I have a mind.

Luc. I would not marry yet. *Ford.* Yet you shall marry.

Luc.

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Luc. Not Sir *Simon*. *Jord.* Yes Sir *Simon*. *Luc.* He is a Fool, Father.

Jord. Therefore you are a worse Fool if you refuse him.

Luc. If I marry I'l have none but master *Cleverwit*.

Jord. But Master *Cleverwit* will have none of you.

Luc. Will you stand to that? Shall I have him if he'l have me?

Jord. Yes, if you'l marry Sir *Simon*, if he refuses you. *Luc.* Agreed.

Enter Cleverwit.

Jord. Oh! here he comes to our purpose. Master *Cleverwit*, do you love my Daughter? *Clev.* I did once Sir.

Jord. Wou'd you have her still?

Clev. You discharged me, and I would not do her that wrong, (since you have provided a Knight, and a richer man for her Husband) to be her hinderance. *Jord.* La you there; I told you so. *Luc.* False man!

Clev. Besides, Sir, you know I told you I have engag'd my self elsewhere. *Luc.* Oh Heavens! am I then forsaken?

Jord. Yes indeed, Sir *Simon* will down with you anon as much a Fool as he is.

Clev. Besides, I have so entire a friendship for you, that did I love her still as once I did, I wou"d refuse her tho' you wou'd double her portion, and say take her, if you did not judge it convenient.

Jord. I know you are a worthy Person, and my good Friend; and truly Sir, had you not told me your Father was not a Gentleman, but a Citizen, you should have had her before any man. *Clev.* I thank you Sir.

Jord. Now Master *Cleverwit* pray be you Judge; ought not my Daughter to marry Sir *Simon*?

Clev. Without doubt: he is a Knight? *Jord.* Yes Sir.

Clev. He is a Fool too?

Jord. A little shallow my Brother writes me word, but that is a blot in many a Knights Escutcheon.

Clev. So much the better for her. *Jord.* Aye Sir, as how?

Clev. She that weds a Fool, marries her self to his Estate—she'l have all, do all, dispose of all, and rule the rost as long as she lives.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, there is one without would speak with you.

Jord. I will be with you again presently; in the mean time pray take some pains with the Baggage; you have powerful reasons, and can perswade.

Clev. I'l labour to serve you——but my self first——————[*aside.*]

[*Jord.* and Boy *Exeunt.*

Luc. Perfideous Man! is it thus you treat a Maid that loved you? Was it not crime enough to be unconstant to deprive me of your self, but to condemn me with your own mouth to marry one I ne'r can love?

Clev. Ah *Lucia!*

Luc.

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Luc. Nothing but this proof of your hatred can dispossess my heart of Love. But I will dye rather than let it return tho' you'd be constant.

Clev. Now is the time to tell you——

Luc. No, to make the wound mortal, I will hear no cause of your infidelity, nor can you have a just pretence: farewel, farewel.

Clev. Lucia stay. *Luc.* Why do you hold me?

Clev. Hear me, speak, or if you needs will go, go undeceiv'd.

Luc. Speak then what you would say in as few words as you can.

Clev. My inconstancy, dearest *Lucia*, was but feigned, and a disguise to carry on a Plot laid to divert your expected Lover, and preserve you mine.

Luc. You maintain'd your Rivals Cause, and sooth'd my Father in his injustice.

Clev. I have, ere since I heard the news of your new Lover, prepar'd him for this revolt: long since I declar'd to him I was engag'd to another, and showed this compliance, that he might not suspect fire hid under the ashes.

Luc. If this be true, make use of these few minutes to inform me what inventions you have fram'd to divert this unlucky marriage?

Clev. Be not inquisitive to know what tricks we mean to play; you shall as in Comedies have the divertisement of the surprise; let it suffice to tell you, *Trickmore* is the main engine. I sent him last night to stay at the Inn where the Coach lies, to take a strict view of him and his Retinue, and to make as great a discovery of our Knight Errant as he can, that we may the better know how to manage him.

Luc. My Father returns——

Enter Jordan.

Clev. A Daughters reputation is safe no longer than her obedience continues, and a Daughter ought not to regard whether her Husband be handsome or wise, when a Parent commands: Riches, and Gentility are above Youth and Beauty, they fade in the marriage bed; the other accompany you to the Grave, and descend to Posterity.

Jord. Oh Sir, you are a good man, you speak admirable things.

Clev. Sir, I have almost prevailed, and she will be brought with a little more counsel to obey you.

Jord. How happy is our Family in such a Friend, how pleas'd I am you give me hopes I shall see my Daughter a Lady to night, and that I shall have a Knight for my Son-in-Law.

Clev. But can it be to night?

Enter a Boy and T. Trickmore *in disguise.*

Jord. Yes, Sir *Simon* arrived late last night, and sent me word just now, that he will be here within this hour, or a little more, but I'l immediately take Coach and go to him, for I am impatient to see my Son-in-Law.

Clev.

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Clev. Sir *Simon* arrived, and no News from *Trickmore* yet? [*Aside.*

Boy. Sir, here is one come from your Fencing-master to speak with you. *Trick.* Sir, are you Master *Jorden?*

Jord. Yes Sir. I am Master *Jorden.*

Trick. Your Fencing-Master is sick, very sick, and cannot come to day, but has sent me in's place to give you a Lesson.

Jord. Well, now I don't know whether 'tis best to go or stay.

Clev. Oh stay Sir by all means, now the man is come.

Trick. Sir, if you please to stay, you shall learn more in one half quarter of an hour, than e're you yet learnt in your whole life.

Clev. There's encouragement.

Trick. I'l show you a trick to undo all you fence with.

Jord. Say you so, come then—Boy take my Gown.

Clev. Sir, we'l take a Walk in the Garden; with a little more pains, I shall perfect her obedience.

Jord. Your servant Sir, —*Lucy*, you'l remember to go to Mistress *Manira* at the time appointed, and wait on her hither. *Luc.* Yes Sir.

Jord. And when you go, present her with this Ring as a Token of my Love. [*Clev. Luc. Exeunt.*

Trickmore *throws off his Cloak, and appears accouter'd like a Fencing-Master, with Foiles under his Arm.*

Trick. Come Sir, your reverence—Your body straight, let your body lay a little more stress on your left thigh, your legs not so straddling, your feet in a direct line, your wrist joint opposite to your hip, the point of your Sword over against your shoulder, your arm not so much extended, your left hand in level with your eye, your left shoulder more turn'd, your head upright, your eye fixed,—Advance. Your body steady; one, two, as you were, redouble, your foot fix'd, a leap back—When you make a thrust you must let your sword move before your body: One, two; come Sir, take me in tierce, home, home, advance, your body steady, advance, thrust: one, two, as you were, redouble, a leap back, to your guard Sir, to your guard.

Jord. Euh, euh——well now for the trick—— | Trick. *hits him 2 or 3 pushes with his foile, as he cries to your guard.*

Trick. Sir, it is too rare to show to every one, if you please let the Boy depart the room, your man may stay, but he must swear secresie.

Jord. Do you hear?—

Jaq. Begar me be no Englishman, to tell all dat me see or know.

Trick. Here, take you my Foile—come suppose I was to fight against you two, I would kill you both.

Jord. Both! *Trick.* Both.

Jaq Oh dat be te brag—*Alloon—mort blew.*

Trick.

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Trick. To your posture—now — | Trick. *draws his Sword.*
Jaq. Begar and so me tink, we two Foiles against your Sword—no— no—pardonnè moy——— | Jaq. *throws down his Foile.*

Trick. Well, now—'tis in the Scabbard.

Jaq. Kill me now and you can.

Trick. To your postures then—so—look to your hits. *Jaq.* Come.

Trick. Ah, ah, what art—avant a Ghost———there——— | Trick. *Looks as affrighted, they both look behind them, he gives each a good push with his Sword.*
Jord. Euh—— *Jaq.* Euh—

Trick. Now had you bin both kill'd or no? there's a trick for you.

Jord. I, but I warrant you I would not be killed so a second time.

Trick. Come to your postures again, each fix his eye on the point of his Sword; now suppose your Enemy was before you, you a first, and he your second.

Jord. Nay, we'l look to our selves, now we know your tricks.

Trick. Suppose I was placed by your Enemies in a Hedge behind to make a noyse, that might cause you to look back.

Jaq. No, no, we no look back.

Trick. I wager a crown with you Master *Jorden*, you look back, tho' you are forewarned, *Jord.* Done. *Jaq.* Done with me too.

Trick. Done: well, prepare—so, ho, ho, ho, not yet—lo, ho—lo, ho—not yet—well, I shall have you anon. | Trick. *Hallows, and takes* Jord. *cloaths.* *Trick.* Exit. *They stand still in their postures.*

Enter Cleverwit.

Clev. Your Daughter Master *Jorden*———

Jord. Aye, aye, I hear you Sir.

Clev. Is so well convinc'd. *Jord.* No, no, this wont do.

Clev. Yes Sir, she'l do any thing, I have so convinc'd her of Sir *Simon*'s good qualities, and your fatherly care,——

Jord. Well Sir, I care not, I care not.

Clev. That she is now extreamly rejoyced, and will be glad to see him come. *Jord.* O this trick won't do.

Jaq. No, no, we no lose te crown, I'l lay one more.

Clev. There's some trick in't, they not so much as stir. [*aside.*
What mean you, are ye both betwitcht?

Jord. Oh, is he so cunning, to set you on to make us look back.

Clev. He! what he? here is neither he nor she besides my self, and you two. *Jord.* Ha, no body! *Clev.* Yes, here comes Mistris *Lucia.*

Enter Lucia.

Jaq. Oh ho Maitre *Jordan* you look back, you lose your money—ha, no body here? [Jorden *leaves his posture.*

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Clev. Who do you look for? [*Jaques leaves his posture:*

Jord. The Fencing-Master. *Clev.* He is not here—— *Jord.* Gone!

Luc. I saw him go out in great hast.

Clev. Sir *Simon* will be here before you are dressed.

Jord. Give me my cloaths and dress me.

Jaq. Cloaths! here be no cloaths; oh dam English trick, te Rogue steal all your cloaths. *Jord.* Ha! my Sute gone?——

Jaq. Gone, Mounsieur, gone—— *Clev.* Did he take'em?

Jaq. Me say nothing, me swear no to tell te secret.

Jord. Sir, I am undone.

Luc. He told you indeed, he'd teach you a trick to undo all you fenc'd with. *Jaq.* Ha, ha, dere be te jest o' te trick!

Jord. I had not car'd a straw had but my Mistris seen't before it went. *Clev.* Well Sir, let not this put you out of humour.

Jord. No Sir, I am more a Gentleman.

Clev. I'l after the Thief, and see if I can recover your Sute. [*Clev. Exit.*

Jord. If it is gone, farewel it, I have learnt a good trick by the bargain, I'l e'n put on some of my other Sutes, and stay till my Son-in-Law comes. Master *Jack*, get the Sute ready I wore yesterday. [*Jaq. Exit.*

Luc. You see Sir what comes of your Fencing.

Jord. My fencing I see sticks in your stomach: but I'l convince you presently. Take this Foile: now for demonstration; When you make a thrust in Quart, it is but to do so, when in Tierce, so: see there a sure way never to be kill'd; and is not this something think you, to know what a man has to trust to when he goes to fight his enemy? Come make a thrust now, that you may see the manner on't.

Jord. *Takes the Foiles, puts one into* Lucia's *hand.*

[Lucia *thrusts at* Jorden, *and pushes him five or six times; he gives back.*

Euh, euh, euh—houh—hold, what's the Devil in the Wench?

Luc. Did not you bid me thrust? Now Sir what think you of your skill?

Jord. Yes, but you made a thrust in tierce, when you should have made a thrust in quart, and was so hasty, you'd not give a man time to *parrey*. *Luc.* You see what your fencing signifies.

Jord. Go get you to Mrs. *Marina*'s——I see what my pains signifie in indeavouring to make you wiser. It has been well observed.

To conquer Armies is not so hard to man,
As to o'ercome the ignorance in Woman.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Young Jorden *and* Lucia.

Y. Jord. HOw these visions of gallantry and capricioe's of gentility still dance in my Father's fancy!

Luc. His madness will undo us; me he'l marry to one I ne'er shall love; you he will disinherit, and marry again to get a Son that shall be a Gentleman to succeed him in what will be your right.

Y. Jord. I lament not so much he should marry, as that *Marina* should be his wife; nor that he should deprive me of his estate, as of her.

Luc. Do you then love *Marina?*

Y. Jord. I do, and ever shall. She did admit my addresses till my Father's pretensions interrupted the course of my love; her Father, poor Knight, is old and decrepid, has but a very slender fortune, and is glad of this occasion to dispose of his Daughter to a man of estate.

Luc. Does *Marina* approve of my Father's suit?

Y. Jord. She is yet scarce well acquainted with it; but when she shall I fear her obedience may dispose her will, for her Father will be very urgent, being he can give her but little while he lives.

Luc. I pitty your condition! without her you'l be unhappy, and with her you'l be miserable, unless my Father would settle some part of his estate on you.

Y. Jord. Two thousand pounds a year his folly throws away, and yet his hand is shut to me.

Luc. Yet I observe you have always plenty of money.

Y. Jord. I have a revenue coming in you know not of: I keep a Journey-man at work continually. The profits of the last half year came to five hundred pounds, which by gaming at the Groom-porters I have doubled. *Luc.* How found you out the secret?

Y. Jord. Necessity is the Mother of Invention. Love made me sensible of my wants, and want which whets mens wits to do ill, taught me the means. *Luc.* Is it then an unlawful course?

Y. Jord. Strangers when they hear of it may blame me, but all that know my condition, and my Father's humour, will excuse my dealing. But here comes your Lover.

Enter Cleverwit *and* Trickmore.

Clev. Madam, you have seen the first part of our intreague: this is that Fencer who gave your Father so home a thrust this Morning.

Luc. What, Mr. *Trickmore!*

Trick. Yes, Madam, out of pity I have sent him his Suit again; for now the hour of Sir *Simon*'s absence being exspired, Mr. *Jorden* will ex-

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pect to see him at his own house, and you shall see another tryal of Skill by way of prevention. *T. Ford.* Where did you leave him?

Trick. At the Inn in bed. I had notice this morning he was sending to advertise your Father of his arrival; I dog'd the Messenger to know the result of his message, resolving to act as occasion required. At the door I o'ertook his Fencing-Master: And he being my old acquaintance, I made known to him my design, and obtain'd his consent to go in's place, and pass for his Usher: And this I did to prevent his journey to Sir *Simon*.

Clev. But shou'd Sir *Simon* get abroad before you return to the Inn.

Trick. There is one at his heels will do his work: My fellow Mountebank *alias* Doctor Cureal.

Luc. Pray what manner of man is this Knight for a Lover?

Trick. For his Figure it is beyond expression, ridicule enough.

Clev. What brains has he?

Trick. No more than our purpose requires. I'l tell you in what a pleasant posture I found him when I got to the Inn, last night. A servant chanc'd to leave open the door of the Room where he was at supper; looking in, I saw him sit at table with his Hostess, who was a notable fat burley Dame; he not being well after his Journey, bespoke a Sack-posset, and invited her to the eating of it.

Clev. So, but as to his posture.

Trick. 'Twas thus. One leg with a flipper at the end of it (and that no very cleanly one) was laid upon one corner of the Table, the other in her lap, his left arm about her neck, embracing: in this manner he sat for some time, telling her the occasion of his coming to Town; that it was love; that his Mistress was such a one (naming you, Madam.) His Hostess to gratifie the relation he had made her, drank your health to him in the posset, he went to pledge it, but was taken in the middle of his draught with a coughing and sneezing, which broke out with such a violence, that all he had drank flew out at his nose and mouth into his Landladies face; she making a start from her chair threw him backward, he keeps his hold, draws her after him; down comes she, the Posset between 'em, and her coats over 'em. A terrible outcry there was, and I ran in amongst the rest to help: when with much ado we had found the way to take her off the right end upward, there we saw Sir *Simon* lying half drown'd in Posset, and half smother'd with Petty-coats.

Clev. A very pleasant Relation.

Trick. At last we got him up, but you wou'd have laugh'd to have seen how like Rogue and Whore they look'd, that had stood i'th' Pillory and been pelted with all the rotten eggs in the Parish.

Luc. Alas poor Lover.

Trick. You must think the bed was the next place after this. But yonder.

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yonder comes my ſetter, our game is not far off.

Enter Cureal.

Cur. So ho, put your ſelves into a poſture to receive the enemy, he's marching towards us. *T. Ford.* Where you have left him?

Cur. Coming along that Street with a clutter of people about him, as if he was ſome Monſter newly come from the Deſarts of *Arabia.*

Luc. Is he ſo remarkable to be taken notice off?

Cur. You'l ſee anon with what an air Nature has deſign'd him.

Trick. See, yonder he comes.

Enter Sir Simon *with People and Boys about him.*

Luc. Goodneſs, how he is hung together!

Trick. Theſe that haunt him, are ſome unlucky Prentices, whom I adviſed of his coming this way, on purpoſe that there rudeneſs ſhou'd give me occaſion to do him ſome piece of ſervice which might endear me to him.

Clev. Madam, I muſt not yet be ſeen by him, let us retire, and I'l give you inſtructions how to demean your ſelf to your Father, if in ſpight of all our endeavours he ſhould come to the ſight of him. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Sim. Very pretty, as I live; what's the matter? What wou'd you have? in my conſcience the Devil's in the Town, and has poſſeſs'd all the people: Why, what a Devil ails ye all? cannot a man go along the Streets without a Regiment of Fools at his heels? What do you laugh at now? Ye had more need go look after your Wives at home, leſt they make ye Monſters to be ſtared at; I believe I ſhall laugh at ſome of you before I leave the Town; and hau, hau, hau, too, the devil take me if I do not give the next I ſee laugh a douce o'th' chops.

Trick. How now, what's the matter here gentlemen? what mean ye? who have you got here? have ye nothing elſe to do but run ſtaring and gaping after a gentleman, as if ye were all out of your wits?

Sir Sim. Here is a man has ſome reaſon in him. [*Aſide.*

Trick. What is your buſineſs? what do you ſnear at?

Sir Sim. Aye, aye; at what, at what?

Trick. Do you ſee any thing about him that is ridiculous?

Sir Sim. Aye, have I? *Trick.* Is he not like other people?

Sir Sim. Aye, have I horns upon my head as ſome of you? or am I cloven footed? *Trick.* Go, go home, and learn better breeding.

Sir Sim. That's good counſel, and take it y'ad beſt.

Trick. The Gentleman is a Knight. *Sir Sim.* Aye.

Trick. The heir of an honourable Family. *Sir Sim.* Aye.

Trick. His Anceſtors deſerv'd well of his Country. *Sir Sim.* Aye.

Trick. And he no leſs. *Sir Sim.* Aye.

Trick. His behaviour challenges reſpect. *Sir Sim.* Aye.

Trick. He is one of ſingular parts. *Sir Sim.* Aye.

Trick.

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Trick. He has been a Traveller. *Sir Sim.* Ayo, marry have I.

Trick. He honours the Town with his presence.

Sir Sim. An understanding fellow this, I believe he's well bred.

Trick. He is not a person to be affronted and laugh't at.

Sir Sim. No, they are mistaken in their man if they think so.

Trick. If ye go not about your business, I will handle some of ye without mittens: go, be gone. [Trickmore *drives the people out.*]

Sir Sim. Sir, I am most hugeously obliged to you.

Trick. I am troubled, Sir, to see such a person as you treated so rudely, and I ask your pardon for the whole Town. *Sir Sim.* Your servant Sir.

Trick. Sir, I had the honour to lodge in the same Inn with you last night, when I understood by your servant who you was, I had a great presumption to do you some piece of service——

Sir Sim. What does this fellow expect now, Money? [*Aside.*

Trick. And it was my good fortune to pass by the door of your Room where you was at supper, just as the out-cry was, and these hands had the honour to disengage you from being smother'd by the gentlewoman of the house, when you was overthrown by that unlucky accident, and your Hostess whelm'd over you.

Sir Sim. Was you there then? *Trick.* I was, Sir.

Sir Sim. I was so blinded with Sack-posset I could not see my deliverers.

Trick. I am glad I am again so happy to do you another piece of service.

Sir Sim. [*Aside*] I must give him something. Sir, pray let me requite your services with a piece of gold.

Trick. By no means, Sir, I am not covetous of any thing but to do you service; pray put it up again. I have conceived a great inclination to serve you, and the honour shall be the only reward.

Sir Sim. An honest fellow this. Well Sir, I remain behind hand with you in courtesies. [*Aside.*

Trick. Pray let me kiss your hand.

[Trickmore *kisses* Sir Simon's *hand.*

Sir Sim. In my life I never met with such a civil fellow.

Trick. Your physiognomy takes me extreamly. *Sir Sim.* Ah, ah.

Trick. I see much gallantry in it. *Sir Sim.* Ah, ah.

Trick. Something very taking. *Sir Sim.* Ah, ah.

Trick. Manly and brave. *Sir Sim.* Ah, ah.

Trick. Frank and generous. *Sir Sim.* Ah, ah.

Trick. I swear to you I am wholly engaged to serve you.

Sir Sim. I find it.

Trick. If I had the honour to be known to you, you'd say I was a man very sincere. *Sir Sim.* I doubt not.

Trick.

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Trick. An utter enemy to knavery. *Sir Sim.* I believe it.

Trick. And one that is not capable to disguise his thoughts.

Sir Sim. Plain dealing is a Jewel.

Trick. And I use it; yet in spight of the fag end of the Proverb am no beggar.

Enter to them Cleverwit.

Clev. Ha! who is this I see? *Sir Simon Softhead!* I am ravish'd to see you; Oh what a joy I feel at sight of you! What it seems you scarce know me.

Sir Sim. *Sir Simon* is your servant, Sir.

Clev. Out of sight out of mind I see: but is't possible six or seven years should blot me out of your memory? It's strange that in so short a time you should forget one that professes himself the greatest friend and servant to the family of the *Softheads* of any man breathing.

Sir Sim. Oh pray pardon me there——Faith I know him not. [To *Trickmore* aside.

Clev. There is scarce one of that Family that I do not know as well as I know you, when I lived at *Berry*, there was no doing without me, I was always amongst 'em, I had the honour to see you there almost every day.

Sir Sim. You shall excuse me, Sir, 'twas I received the honour——I never saw his face before. [To *Trickmore.*

Clev. You cannot call me to mind yet.

Sir Simon. Pray excuse me for that——I know not who it is, not I. [To *Trickmore.*

Clev. Don't you remember we went often together to drink?

Sir Sim O Yes.——But let me be hang'd if I remember any thing like it. [To *Trickmore.*

Clev. How do you call the little witty knave that used to make us so welcome at his house? *Sir Sim.* Oh, little *John.*

Clev. Right, we went often thither to be merry: but what is become of his pretty Daughter? *Sir Sim.* He had ne'r a Daughter.

Clev. He ne'er a Daughter! What not a witty little baggage you us'd to run after to kiss from one room to another?

Sir Sim. Oh, I know where abouts you are now, you mean, I warrant you, little *Peggy.*

Clev. Aye, *Peggy*, by the same token was her name.

Sir Sim. She was *George Gooddale*'s Daughter at the *Rose.* Why, she's married.

Clev. Is She? Pray how do you call the place at *Berry*, where they used to walk? *Sir Sim.* Oh, the *Green.*

Clev. Directly; 'twas there I passed so many hours of delight in your good company: You do not remember this?

Sir

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Sir Sim. I not remember't? Not in the least: If I do, I wish the Devil fetch me. [To *Tricksmore.*

Trick. There are a hundred of these things a man forgets.

Clev. Let us embrace then, and renew our ancient amity.

Trick. See now there is a man that loves you cordially.

Clev. Pray tell me some news of your Family, Sir *Simon:* how does that Gentleman——your——he that is such an honest good man?

Sir Sim. My Brother-in-Law, the Justice of Peace?

Clev. The same, the same. *Sir Sim.* Why, he is very well.

Clev. I am very glad, I assure you; and he that's of so good an humour, the Gentleman,——your——

Sir Sim. What my cousin *Small-brain?*

Clev. Aye, Mr. *Small-brain,*—that I should forget his name! to see how quickly things run out of a man's head. But pray how does he do?

Sir Sim. He keeps his old humour, always merry and jocund.

Clev. Troth you tell me good news. And pray Sir *Simon* how does your Uncle, the——— *Sir Sim.* My Uncle? I have no Uncle.

Clev. No? But you had at that time perhaps.

Sir Sim. No, only an Aunt.

Clev. Oh, 'tis her I mean: The Lady your Aunt, pray how does she?

Sir Sim. She has been dead these six years.

Clev. Indeed, I heard so, now I think on't, presently after I left the Country: Well, rest her soul, she was as good a Gentlewoman as lived.

Sir Sim. We had also a Nephew that died of the small Pox.

Clev. Oh what pitty it was, he was a hopeful young man.

Sir Sim. Did you know him?

Clev. Know him? He was a comely proper young Youth.

Sir Sim. Not very proper. *Clev.* Yes, for his age.

Sir Sim. Oh yes, for his age.

Clev. If he was your Nephew, that I mean, he was the Son of your Sister and Brother. *Sir Sim.* Right he was so.

Clev. 'Twas the same. *Sir Sim.* He knows all my Relations.

Trick. He knows you better than you are aware of.

Clev. I hope I shall oblige you to make my house your home while you stay in Town. *Sir Sim.* I am obliged to be at my Father-in-Laws.

Clev. Are you married then, Sir *Simon?*

Sir Sim. No, but all's agreed on.

Clev. But however you shall dine with me to day.

Sir Sim. I have sent Mr. *Jorden* word I was coming, and he'l expect me I know at dinner.

Clev. Mr. *Jorden* then is your Father-in-Law: Well, well, that shall not hinder my design, he is my Neighbour and intimate Friend, we are as it were Brothers. *Sir Sim.* Indeed!

Clev.

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Clev. You ſhall ſtay, and I'l ſend for him to dinner too.

Sir Sim. 'Twill be a trouble, and——

Clev. No excuſe Sir *Simon*, for by my ſoul you ſhall; I have ſworn it.

Trick. Since he ſo importunes you, accept it; he has ſworn it, and 'twill not be courteous to refuſe him now.

Clev. Where are your Servants, and Portmanteau?

Sir Sim. Truly my coming was in great haſte, and for expedition, I left all but one man behind, and he is at the Inn where the Coach lies.

Trick. Sir *Simon*, I will, if you pleaſe, wait on you to the Inn where your man ſtays, and then help you to find this Gentleman's houſe. Pray where abouts is it, Sir?

Clev. This is the Houſe. *Trick.* We'l be with you in a trice.

Clev. I will in, and give orders for your reception; you ſhall find me here at your return. *Sir Sim.* I'l not fail to trouble you.

Clev. I'l wait your coming with impatience [Cleverwit *Exit.*

Trick. He has the carriage of a fine Gentleman.

Sir Sim. Ah, ha, he, a good jeſt, a good jeſt, i'faith.

Trick. What occaſions your mirth?

Sir Sim. Ha, ha, he, why I don't know that I ever ſaw any ſuch man before in my life. *Trick.* No? *Sir Sim.* No, as I live, not I.

Trick. Come, Sir, no matter, he knows you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Jorden *and* Cureal, *as from over-hearing.*

Cur. So, he has truſſed his Quarrey: how do you like Sir *Simon* for a woman's man?

Y. Jord. Sure there is no woman in the World ſo neceſſitated to venture on him.

Cur. O, Sir, a Country Knight will down with many Court and City Ladies, 'tis a great convenience to have a Husband that is blind in his reaſon, and is not clear enough ſighted in's underſtanding to ſee the ſhadow his horns caſt.

Enter Jorden *on one ſide, a Foot-boy on the other, and gives* Cureal *a Letter, who reads it.*

Y. Jord. Here is the Court Doctor come, I believe for ſome more of your money.

Jord. Speak of him with reſpect, he is a perſon of great importance, he talks to the King and Nobles at Court as familiarly as I to you.

Y. Jord. Yes, he wants neither confidence nor impudence.

Jord. He does me the honour to come often to me; is't not an honour, think you, to be viſited by one of the King's Phyſicians, and a Favourite too as he is?

Y. Jord. He is the beſt paid for his viſits to you of any Doctor in Town, let him viſit Lord, Duke, or King.

Jord. He doe's me the honour to let me lend him a ſum of money

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now and then: Can I do less than lend it to a man that is in favour at Court, and calls me his Friend?——

T. Ford. What courtesies does he do you?

Ford. More than you are aware of.

T. Ford. Yes, he does you the favour to borrow money of you rather than of any body else.

Ford. Aye, and more than so, he had rather borrow ten times of me than once of any other man living; and does it so Courtly and Gentleman-like. *T. Ford.* And pays it so frankly, and with so good a grace.

Ford. When I please he will.

T. Ford. What security does he give you?

Ford. His word, as he is a Gentleman.

T. Ford. You'l have it again without doubt, that is security enough.

Ford. He shall command what he will. *T. Ford.* No doubt.

Cur. Tell your Lady I'l wait on her immediately. [*Exit Boy.*

My dear Friend Mr. *Jorden* how do you, Sir? [*T.* Jorden *retires.*

Ford. Well, to do you service.

Cur. Y'are very modish and fine in this habit, you exceed all the young Gallants at Court. *Ford.* Hay, huy.

Cur. Turn you—Gallant all over.

Ford. Pretty well: e'en as the Taylor pleas'd.

Cur. I know not what is the matter Mr. *Jorden*, I am never so well as when I am with you, you are the man of all the World I most esteem and love, I was speaking of you this morning to the King as I stood by his bed-side. *Ford.* To the King! You did me a great honour I vow.

Cur. What mean you, Sir? pray put on——

Ford. I know my respect to you.

Cur. Fie Mr. *Jorden*, no ceremony among Friends.

Ford. Nay, Mr. Doctor.

Cur. You must, Sir, by all means: you are my Friend.

Ford. I am your servant, Sir.

Cur. I protest I will not, till you are cover'd.

Ford. I had rather be uncivil than troublesome.

Cur. Well, Sir, as I was saying, I spoke of you to the King, and he has given order the Patent be made, and commands me to bring you to him, and he'l confer on you the honour of Knighthood; he shewed much joy and willingness when I told him, and was much pleased when I mentioned you to him. *Ford.* I am extreamly beholden to him.

Cur. Name what day I shall wait on you to kiss his Majestie's hand, and I'l advise you if he will be at leisure.

Ford. Your servant, Sir; as soon as you please: to day I cannot, but to morrow——

Cur. To morrow I cannot neither: Well, let it alone a day or two till the Patent is ready for the Seal.

Ford.

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Jord. I wou'd have it so soon as I could.

Cur. I might get it done to day peradventure, if I had the money ready to give in Fees, and something a little extraordinary, and so forth as you know. *Jord.* What will do?

Cur. Let me have two hundred pounds, and for what is over I'l be accountable. *Jord.* I have that sum here in Gold.

Cur. It may be, less may do. *Jord.* Well, Sir, pray take purse and all.

Cur. So leave it to my management, this will hasten the dispatch. But now Mr. *Jorden*, Sir *Jonathan Jorden* that shortly will be: As to my affairs, you know I stand indebted to you.

Jord. A few dribbling sums, Sir.

Cur. And you lent 'em me very frankly, and with a great deal of generosity, and much like a Gentleman.

Jord. Y'are pleas'd to say so, Mr. Doctor.

Cur. But I know how to receive kindnesses, and to make returns according to the merits of the person that obliges me.

Jord. No man better.

Cur. Therefore pray let's see how our accounts stand.

Jord. They are down here in my Table-book.

Cur. I am a man that love to acquit my self of all obligations as soon—— *Jord.* See the *Memorandum*.

Cur. You have set it all down? *Jord.* All. *Cur.* Pray read.

Jord. Lent the second time I saw you one hundred Guinneys.

Cur. Right. *Jord.* Another time fifty. *Cur.* Yes.

Jord. Lent for a certain occasion which you did not tell me, one hundred and fifty.

Cur. Did I not? That I should conceal any thing from my Friend.

Jord. No matter Mr. Doctor.

Cur. It looks like mistrust which is a wrong to friendship.

Jord. O Lord, Mr. Doctor.

Cur. I am so asham'd, for I dare trust my soul with you. I borrowed it, Mr. *Jorden*, to lend a Person of Quality, whom I employed to introduce me to the King, and recommend me to his particular favour, that I might be able to do you service in your affairs.

Jord. O was it so, then that debt is as it were paid, I'l cross it out.

Cur. By no means, Mr. *Jorden*, you shall have it, or I vow——

Jord. Well, Sir, as you please.

Cur. I vow, I wou'd ne'er have borrowed any of you again as long as I had liv'd. But proceed. *Jord.* Another time, one hundred.

Cur. O that was to send into *France* to my Wife to bring her over; but the Queen wou'd not part with her then, and since she is fallen sick.

Jord. Alas. *Cur.* But pretty well recovered.

Jord. These four sums make up four hundred Guinneys.

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Cur. Juſt as can be. A very good Account; put down two hundred Guineys more, which I will borrow of you now, and then it will be juſt ſix hundred; that is, if it will be no inconvenience to you.

Jord. Euh, not in the leaſt.

Cur. It is to make up a ſum of two thouſand pounds which I am about to lay out in Houſes I have bought: but if it will incommode you, I can have it elſewhere. *Jord.* O by no means.

Cur. You need but tell me if it will be any trouble.

Jord. Lord, Sir, that you will think ſo!

Cur. I know ſome will be glad of the occaſion to ſerve me; but theſe are favours only to be ask'd of ſpecial Friends: And I thought you being my moſt eſteem'd Friend, would take it ill if you ſhould come to hear of it, that I did not ask you firſt.

Jord. It is a great honour, and you much oblige me in ſo freely giving me occaſion to ſerve you. I'l go fetch it inſtantly. [*Exit* Jorden.

Enter Young Jorden.

Y. Jord. Is he gone for the money?

Cur. You'l be two hundred pieces richer, if he live but to come out again. *Y. Jord.* Did you find him eaſie?

Cur. As a ſingle-ſoaled-Shoe, he did not want much drawing on, the hopes of Knighthood make him as loving.

Y. Jord. You baited your hook well.

Cur. We'l ſtill keep him in play, that we may have t'other pluck at his purſe-ſtrings.

Y. Jord. I wiſh you cou'd as ſucceſsfully wheadle him out of *Marina* for me.

Cur. If your Miſtreſs had but half ſo good an opinion of you as he has of me.

Y. Jord. She has often admitted my Courtſhip, and by that I gueſs ſhe does not wiſh me ill. But could you not invent a way to break off my Father's correſpondence with the old Knight her Father, and eſpecially prevent his treating her to day? his Courtſhip is now but beginning to her.

Cur. By no means: to put him by, were to make you loſe many opportunities of ſeeing and diſcourſing with her: Conceal your love, and you'l find not to diſcourage his hopes will be to your advantage; Love, in time, will teach her to tranſgreſs that blind obedience which keeps her in ſubjection. *Y. Jord.* I hear him returning, I'l march off.

Cur. When we have got the money, we'l conſult of your Love.

[*Exit Young* Jorden.

Enter to Cureal, Jorden.

Jord. Look you Mr. Doctor, there are three hundred Guineys.

Cur. Three hundred?

Jord.

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Jord. True, you ask'd but for two, but I count the two no courtesie: the other hundred you shall give me leave to lend you without being asked, that I may be satisfied, I have done something may express my kindness to you.

Cur. Well, Mr. *Jorden*, you are the most a Gentleman for your time I ever saw in my life; this is the most heroical Act! Indeed I did not think it possible to have found out a way to oblige a Friend at such a high rate. *Jord.* O, Sir, I am behind hand with you as to that.

Cur. I am so ashamed, I know not how to imitate your generosity, and I have such a zeal to do you some piece of service. When will you and your Daughter Mrs. *Lucia* come to a Ball at Court, and I'l carry you in, and place you among persons of Quality?

Jord. The next time there is one, we'l both come.

Cur. There will be one very suddenly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Mrs. *Lucia*, bid me acquaint you she is returned.

Jord. Has she brought Mrs. *Marina?*

Boy. There is a Lady with her, Sir.

Jord. Tell her I am coming; bid her have her into the dining Room, and let all things be in a readiness. [*Exit Boy.*

Cur. Sir, I will take my leave.

Jord. You shall walk in and take part of a Collation.

Cur. I am sent for to a Lady of great Quality, who writes me word, I must not fail to visit her.

Jord. But Mrs. *Marina* is come, you must needs go in and see my Mistress first.

Cur. I have so natural a kindness for you, I can refuse you nothing.

Jord. You oblige me. [*Exeunt* Jorden *and* Cureal.

Enter Young Jorden, Marina, Lucia.

Luc. Madam, regard my Brother's youth, and sorrow, it is for you he sighs, and languishes; and tho' you cannot cure, yet ease his pain.

Mar. Were I permitted, dearest *Lucia*, to pursue my own inclinations, he should not unregarded grieve; but I am not at my own dispose: imagine your self in my condition, and tell me how you wou'd act in this occasion.

Luc. Alas! I am subject to the same misfortune, and therefore already qualified to be our Counsellor, and be assured I give no advice, but what I take my self. *Mar.* Do you then encourage your Lover?

Luc. To the utmost of my power.

Mar. It will be too difficult for me on the sudden, for I have not yet pass'd my first blushes, tho' I receiv'd from him proofs of his love, I gave him not any acknowledgments of mine.

Y. Jord. Nor wou'd I now put you to the trouble of inventing such

nice-

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nice and wary words as Virgins use, when first they give encouragements to their Lover: let me interpret it from your actions, receive this trifle.

Luc. Start not, Madam, he but presents you with a Ring of a small value, if you will not receive it from his hands, take it from mine: but wear it for his sake. *Y. Jord.* And with it take my heart.

Mar. If I do more than I ought, yours, Madam, be the blame.

Y. Jord. But fair *Marina*, if your Father will not give consent I marry you—— *Mar.* I will declare to him my real inclinations.

Y. Jord. But if he prove averse, and unalterable?

Mar. I'l threaten to flee beyond Sea to a Nunnery, and for ever seclude my self from the World.

Y. Jord. But if in spight of all, he will force you to a Marriage?

Mar. What would you have me say?

Y. Jord. That, which I fain would hear you say. *Mar.* What?

Y. Jord. That which one wou'd say, who loves well.

Mar. What is that?

Y. Jord. That nothing shou'd compel you, and that against all endeavours of your Father to the contrary you wou'd promise to be mine.

Mar. Content your self with what I have already said and done, and attempt not to know the future resolutions of my heart, nor trouble your self with apprehensions of extremities which may never happen, or if they do, suffer me to govern my self at all times according to the present state of affairs.

Enter Jorden, Cureal.

Jord. Madam, a little further I pray.

Jorden *having made two reverences, finds himself too near to make the third, he shoves her back from him.*

Mar. Sir, I? *Jord.* One step back, and please you. *Mar.* How Sir?

Jord. A little retreat to make room for the third.

Cur. Mr. *Jorden*, Madam, understands behaviour, and with what respect to approach a Lady.

Jord. Madamoiselle, I beg pardon for my Son.

Mar. For what, Sir? *Jord.* I saw him give you *a buss les maines.*

Mar. I confess 'twas a civility too humble.

Jord. I beg your pardon, he's not a Gentleman. *Mar.* In all things.

Jord. Excuse moy; his Mother was but a Citizen.

Mar. He is well behaved.

Jord. His deport is but so, so, his gard is pretty jauntee, and his garniture not much amiss, but he wants a bon mein; and, Madam, I will make it my devoir to retrieve what has been amiss.

Mar. Nothing pass'd, but what was extream well.

Jord. I am ravish'd to hear you say so.

Y. Jord.

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T. Ford. Sir, the Lady will be weary with ſtanding.

Ford. Pray repoſe you at the Table, here's a ſmall Collation to divert you. Mr. Doctor, will you pleaſe to ſit? Madam, you ſee how poorly I regaul you, [*They all ſit down at Table.* I ought to make an harrangue to excuſe it, but I hope you'l pardon my unpreparedneſs. *Mar.* Your treat is noble.

Luc. Madam, pray chuſe where moſt you like.

Ford. Boy, bid the Muſick give us a touch of their Harmony. Is here any thing, Madam, appears agreeable to you.

Mar. Every thing, Sir? *Ford.* Fall too then: Sa, ſa.

Mar. I do, Sir. *Ford.* Without ſans Complement.

Mar. I uſe not any.

Ford. Pray taſte that Ragouſt. Ah, what a pretty bells mains has this Lady, Mr. Doctor. *Cur.* Admirable white, and well ſhaped.

Ford. Fill me a glaſs of wine: ſo the ſame to this Lady; and to every one round. Hai, allons: The Hat, chappéaux bas: this Ladies health to you, Mr. Doctor.

Cur. Look you, Sir: I do you reaſon.

Ford. So, 'tis gone round 'tis with you, Lady.

Mar. Sir my ſervice to you.

Ford. How do you approve of the frolick, Mr. Doctor?

Cur. Very pretty, and apt to the purpoſe; Love and Wine, Mr. *Jorden*, ſhould go hand in hand.

Ford. Ah, Mr. Doctor, if Mrs. *Marina* would be as favourable to pledge in one as the other.

Cur. She is ſo charming, ſhe can do nothing but oblige. Mr. *Jorden*, pray give me leave to begin a health.

Ford. With all my heart: Fill round.

Cur. And let's have a Song to encourage us.

SONG.

1.

Let's drink, dear Friends, let's drink,
The time flyes faſt away,
And we no leiſure have to think,
Then let's make uſe on't whilſt we may.
When the black Lake we have paſs'd,
Adieu to Wine, to Love and Pleaſure;
To drink, to drink, let us make haſte;
To drink we always ſha'nt have leiſure.
Let's love, let's drink whilſt we have breath;
Nor love, nor drink is after death.

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2.

Disputing leave to Sotts
That are more grave than wise:
What's life's true bliss, our learning lyes
In the bottom of the pots.
Great riches, knowledge, and great fame,
Ease not the troubl'd mind of care;
But rather more increase the flame;
But we by drinking cur'd are.
'Tis only wine can do the feat:
Wine makes our happiness compleat.

All. *Drink, drink, drink off your wine, turn, turn, turn up your glass,*
Turn it up, turn it up; till we cry, let it pass, let it pass.

Cur. Very fine i'faith: Now, Mr. *Jorden*, to this Lady's best inclinations, and long may they live in favour of whom this Lady wears this fine Ring. [*Drinks.*

Jord. Courage: so, and long may he live. [*Drinks.*

Y. Jord. Not a word more of the Ring, you'l make a discovery. [*Whispers* Cureal.

Cur. Mum. *Y. Jord. Luc.* Long may he live, Madam.

Jord. How, Madam, do you approve their singing?

Mar. It was not amiss, Sir. *Jord.* In my opinion 'tis admirable.

Mar. It was indeed most ravishing.

Jord. Ah, Madam, could we but as easie ravish your heart.

Mar. Sir, my service to you. *Jord.* Sarrah, give me that Glass as it is.

Cur. Observe, Madam; Mr. *Jorden* drinks just where your lip has been, and all this while eats nothing but what your fingers have touch'd. Oh the little Arts of Lovers.

Mar. Sir, I am ignorant of your meaning.

Jord. I'l take t'other glass, and then Mr. Doctor——

Cur. What, Sir? *Jord.* I'l tell her my mind more plainly.

Cur. But have a care what you do, you must not blurt all out at once, Maids are shie.

Jord. But I intend to show my self a man of courage, and boldly to declare my Amour.

Cur. Aye, Sir, that is City-courtship; but now you are to make love Ala mode, to act like a Gentleman, Ala negligence, with a certain kind of gallantry that obliges more than words: Entertainments, Songs, Dances and Musick are preparatives. *Jord.* Must I not speak to her?

Cur. Your treat this time speaks enough; this lays an obligation; obligations beget respect, respect begets love, love begets marrying, and marrying begets Children.

Jord.

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Ford. Well, Sir, I have a damnable itching to tell her my mind; but since obligations beget so to the end of the Chapter, I'll let her know how much she is beholden to me. That Ring Madam—— *Mar.* Sir?

Y. Ford. I shall be disgrac'd. [*Aside.*

Luc. My Father says, becomes your hand.

Ford. Cost a good sum of money.

Y. Ford. Pray, Sir, how much do you think it cost?

Ford. It cost fifty pounds. *Y. Ford.* I believe it might.

Luc. My Father, Madam, has skill in Jewels.

Ford. 'Tis well worth your wearing.

Mar. I am not much affected with Jewels, but I have a particular reason to wear this.

Ford to *Cur.* You shall see how prettily I'l wheedle her to tell me she loves me.] Why, Madam? Because it was given you?

Mar. Yes Sir, for the sake of the Giver.

Ford. Ha, ha, Madam, this small present deserves not so great an honour. *Mar.* Excuse me, Sir. *Ford.* You set too great a value on it.

Mar. I rate it according to the merit of the person that presented it.

Ford. to *Cur.* Lo you there.] That person is very much your humble servant, and wishes it was much better for your sake.

Mar. I think, Sir, he does not wish me ill.

Ford. to *Cur.* Look you again.] When you know him better you will say so; he loves you extreamly.

Mar. 'Tis likely he may, but men know how to dissemble.

Ford. But he, Madam, the least of any one in the world.

Mar. I am glad you confirm me in my good opinion; but I wonder to hear this from you.

Cur. The Lady wonders to hear you commend your self so.

Ford. I beg your pardon, Madam, if my over-forwardness offends you.

Mar. On the contrary it pleases me extreamly to hear you speak well of him.

Ford. It is my near concern gives me the occasion; but truly I never knew any of the *Fordens* not Gentlemen in the point of Love, tho' I speak it that should not.

Mar. Truly, Sir, I did not think you had known so much as I perceive you do. *Y. Ford.* Now Sister all comes out. [*To* Lucia.

Ford. If I did not, Madam, who shou'd?

Mar. Since our Love is no longer a secret as I thought it had been, and you approv't, I hope by your means my Father may be enclined.

Ford. O, I had got his consent before: and this design of my Daughters bringing you hither was a plot laid to gain a good opportunity to court you.

Mar. Alas, Sir, I was so well inclin'd before, I could not long forbear

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hear the acknowledgement, tho' I cannot but blush to own I am so soon o'er-come.

Jord. to *Cur.* Is not this a rare wheedle Mr. Doctor?] How glad am I to hear this, for in truth I think courtship the most troublesome thing in the world. *Mar.* Yet, Sir, you must use it with my Father.

Jord. Let me alone to deal with him, we'l send for a Parson, and the marriage shall be concluded to night.

Mar. Alas, I know my Father will obstruct our proceedings.

Jord. Madam, take my word for it.

Mar. Well, Sir, if he can be won to consent to it.

Jord. Lord! you are so hard of belief.

Mar. Nay, Sir, he guessed once at our love, and did not then seem displeas'd; but I believe he has since design'd me for some other; for of late he has strictly charg'd me to the contrary; he told me himself he had provided one wou'd be a fitter match for me.

Jord. Well, Madam, to clear all doubts, I'l e'ene wait on you home, and you shall soon hear what he says. Mr. *Jack*, give me my Sword and Belt. *Luc.* Madam, pray let me set this curle right for you.

Mar. I beg your pardon.

Luc. A little this way. Ah, Madam, you are unhappily run into a mistake: my Father knows not of my Brother's love for you, and himself is the man your Father has found out to be your Husband.

Mar. I am amaz'd.

Jord. What good luck have I to dispatch so great an affair in so short a time: I was wooing my first Wife at least a year; But to see how obliging a Gentlewoman is over a Citizen.

Luc. You must resolve to stand to the brunt of't, but conceal my Brother's being your Lover.

Mar. I'l endeavour't, and frame some excuse for what I said.

Luc. Any thing. *Jord.* Come Madam. How your hand trembles?

Mar. My heart misgives me.

Jord. Allons courage, your Father will consent, I warrant you. *Lucy*, Stay you at home to receive Sir *Simon*: I much wonder he comes not yet; but when he does, send me word. *Luc.* Yes, Sir.

Jord. Let the Musick stay till Night; and bid them practise their Dialogue; we cannot stay to have it now, but it will serve rarely well at supper, and will be as good for a wedding as an *Epithalamium*. Mr. Doctor, your servant, Sir.

Cur. Sir, I'l wait on you out, for I must be going too. Madam, I am going to meet your Lover. Mr. *Jordan* take heart, things may yet go well.

Exeunt Jordan Singing, How happy a Lover am I,
Marina, Cureal. While I sigh not for *Phylis* in vain,
I. *Jord.* And I how unhappy!

Luc.

Luc. All may go well yet, ever hope the best.
L. Jord. I cannot hope my love should not be discovered.

Luc. *Brother think on* Marina's *Love, you'l find*
Sufficient ground for hope whilst she proves kind.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. Cleverwit *and* Cureal.

Clev. BE sure you look well to him; keep all the doors shut and lock'd.
Cur. When he is once in *Lobs*-pound, he shall not easily escape.

Enter Sir Simon *and Servant.*

Clev. Here he comes.—— *Sir Simon*, you are welcome.
Sir Sim. You see I make bold.
Clev. You honour my house. But where is the Gentleman, that was to show you the way?
Sir Sim. He left me but just now, he showed me the house, and begg'd leave for an hour.
Clev. I shou'd have been glad he had been here to bear you company till my return: I'l step cross the street and fetch Mr. *Jorden* to you. But see here a person into whose hands I commend you, he will treat you with all courtesie possible.
Cur. My profession obliges me, and 'tis enough you command my care.
Sir Sim. This is the Steward of 's house: He must be a Person of Quality. [*Aside.*
Cur. Yes, I assure you, I'l treat Sir *Simon*, according to the method and rules of Art.
Sir Sim. Oh pray make no ceremony, I beseech you, treat me as a Friend, let me be no trouble.
Cur. Such an employ is not my trouble but delight.
Clev. Here, Sir, is ten pounds advance of what I promis'd you.
Sir Sim. I beseech you, Sir, I understand not wherefore you shou'd put your self to charge for me: Pray, Sir, let him not buy any thing extraordinary, but let me partake of the usual entertainment of your Family. *Clev.* Pray, Sir, give me leave: it is not for what you imagine.
Cur. Not for provision, Sir; a spare dyet is wholesome; much meat sends up fumes from the stomach to the head, and that is very hurtful for the brain, especially to one that is a little disordered.
Sir Sim. He talks learnedly. But I beseech you, Sir, let me fare like a Friend, and not a stranger.

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Clev. 'Tis that I intend: I pray, Sir, excuse the incivility I commit in leaving you. *Sir Sim.* Oh, Sir, you leave me in good company. [*Exit* Cleverwit.

Cur. It is a great honour to me, Sir, to be chosen one to do you service. *Sir Sim.* I am your servant.

Enter Trickmore *in a Physician's Habit.*

Cur. See there an able man, my great Friend, with whom I will consult the manner how to treat you.

Sir Sim. Once more I request you to make no such ceremony, I am a man content with ordinary usage.

Cur. Come, set chairs here. Sir, please you take that place.

[*Sir* Simon *sits down in the middle chair which is biggest, and with arms, which locks him in that he cannot stir.*

Sir Sim. Ha, what's the meaning of this? I am fast.

Trick. An *Italian* device, we meant to surprize you with a rarity.

Sir Sim. I cannot get up.

Cur. We can soon set you at liberty, it may be you don't sit easie.

Sir Sim. Oh, very well, I thank you: I shou'd be loth, were it not among Friends, to be so engag'd.

Cur. Come Friend, pray draw your chair nearer. Now to our business. Give me your hand, Sir.

Trick. Your hand, Sir, I beseech you.

[*Sir* Simon *gives his hand as in courtesie to Friends: they feel his pulse.*

Sir Sim. Oh, your servant, Gentlemen, your servant.

Cur. Oh, Sir, I beseech you hold still a little. *Sir Sim.* What means this?

Cur. Have you a good stomach? Do you eat well Sir?

Sir Sim. Aye, and drink well too.

Cur. So much the worse, this great appetition of cold and humidity is an indication of the heat and driness within. Do you sleep sound?

Sir Sim. Yes, when I have eat a good supper.

Trick. Do you dream, Sir? *Sir Sim.* Sometimes.

Cur. Of what nature are your Dreams?

Sir Sim. Why, of the nature of Dreams. A Devil, what kind of entertainment is this? *Cur.* How do you go to stool, Sir?

Sir Sim. As others do. A plague on't, I know not what they mean by these Questions! Pray let me be so bold to call for a glass of wine.

Cur. Have patience, Sir: I doubt whether it be good for you; we will begin and discourse of the thing it self, and that you may the better understand, we'l dispute in English, and resolve upon your food, what meats and drinks are propereſt for you, and will do you the least harm.

Sir Sim. What needs so much discourse about my eating and drinking? *Trick.* Patience, Sir, you must be patient.

Sir

Sir Sim. What a devil wou'd they be at?

Cur. I say with your permission, *Sir*, that our patient here present is very much assaulted, affected, afflicted, possessed, and o'ercome with this sort of folly, which is very well called Hypochondriack melancholy.

Sir Sim. These are Doctors, now shall I have a lecture read o'er me.

Trick. I beseech you, *Sir*, sit still.

Cur. This Hypochondriack Melancholy proceeds from the deprav'd constitution of some part of the neither belly, and inferiour region: but particularly from the spleen. To be assured that this is his disease, you need but observe this great dulness which you see, this heaviness accompanied with fear and diffidence, signs, pathognomiques and individuals of this disease so well observed by the divine *Hippocrates*; this Physiognomy, these eyes, red, heavy and dull; this grisly beard, and grumness; this swarthy, tawney complexion; this constitution of body, lean, spare and haggard, rough, black and hairy; all which signs denote him to be very much o'ercome with this disease proceeding from the depravedness of the *Hypochondria*. *Trick.* *Sir* you must sit still.

Cur. Now I mean to touch the *Therapeia*, and remedies which ought to be prescribed to effect a perfect cure. First, then to remedy this *Plethora*, and this *Cacochymia*, or general depravation of humours throughout all the body; my advice is for Phlebotomy; that he bleed freely; that is to say, plentifully; first of the Basilick, then of the Cephalick vein; and if the disease prove obstinate and refractory, that a vein be opened in his forehead, and that the orifice be very large, that the thick corrupted blood may have passage; and at the same time that he purge, deopitulate and evacuate by proper and convenient purgations; that is to say, by Cholagogues, Melanogogues, *&c.* But before all these, I find it meet to exhilarate his spirits with harmony resulting from Musick instrumental and vocal, with which it will not be amiss to joyn some Dancers; to the end that their motions, postures, and agility of bodies, may excite, stir up, and quicken his spirits stupified with idleness, which occasions the thickness of his blood; from whence proceeds the Malady: these are the Remedies I prescribe, which may be much advantag'd by some others of yours much better and more efficacious, having by your daily practice gain'd great experience, judgment and knowledge in our Art. *Dixi.* *Sir Sim.* Amen.

Cur. Nay, now, *Sir*, you must have a little longer patience to hear my Brother Doctor.

Trick. There remains nothing for me to say to the Gentleman, but that he was a lucky man to fall into your hands, and that he is even too happy in being a Fool, in that he shall experiment the efficacy and admirable virtues of these Remedies you have propounded with so much judgment; I approve of all, *Manibus & pedibus descendo in tuam sententiam.*

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tiam: All that I say is, let the number of his bleedings and purgations be odd; *Numero Deus impare gaudet:* To drink often clarified Whey, to bathe often, to have a strait band made with salt in it to bind upon his forehead, for salt is the emblem of wisdom; and to new whiten the walls of his chamber, to dissipate the darkness of his spirits, *Album est disgregativum visus:* A gentle Clister to serve for the introduction to these judicious Remedies, with which he is to be cured, and he ought to receive consolation. Heaven grant that these Remedies you mention may according to our intention work their effects upon your Patient.

Sir Sim. Gentlemen, I have listned to ye all this while, and I have no more patience left. What, do you sport with me?

Cur. Oh, Sir, we don't sport with you.

Sir Sim. What means all this? What wou'd you with your Mountebanck canting?

Cur. Good, see a Diagnostick which we wanted for the confirmation of his disease, and this may well turn to madness.

Sir Sim. A pox on't, who am I left here with?

[*He spits three or four times.*

Trick. Another Diagnostick, his frequent spitting.

Sir Sim. Let me out here, let me be gone.

Cur. Yet another, his unquietness, and desire to change, and shift places.

Sir Sim. What's the matter? What a devil ayl ye? What wou'd you do with me? *Trick.* Cure you, according to order given.

Sir Sim. Cure me? *Cur.* Yes.

Sir Sim. What a devil, I am not sick.

Cur. A very ill sign, when a sick man perceives not his own disease.

Sir Sim. I tell you I am very well.

Cur. Oh, we know better than you how you do; we can see into your constitution.

Sir Sim. I tell you I was never better since I was born.

Trick. Worse and worse, he has been a Fool from his Cradle.

Cur. Let him be rul'd by us, we'l cure him, I'l warrant you.

Sir Sim. I'l be rul'd by none of ye, ye are a couple of Knaves.

Trick. We are your Physicians, Sir.

Sir Sim. Worse and worse, ye are the greater Knaves for that. Physicians! What have I to do with Physicians? a fart for you, and your Physick too: a Caudle, Ale-berry, or a good Posset is worth all your damn'd Drugs.

Cur. A hone, a hone, the man is a greater Fool than we thought him.

Sir Sim. My Father and Mother never took Physick in their lives, and they are both dead without the help of Physicians.

Cur. I wonder no longer then, that they had a Son no wiser; come, let us proceed to the cure, and by the sweet exhilarating of harmony, sweeten,

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sweeten, allay, and abate the acrimony of the spirits, which I see ready to inflame him. O here comes my Operators.

Sir Sim. What in the Devil's name is all this? Are all the People in this Town mad? I never saw the like in my days, what should it mean?

Enter two Chymists dress'd in Antick Habits with broad black caps on their heads, that flap down about their ears, no hair seen; Ruffs about their necks, strait bodied Doublets with long close sleeves; Spanish scant Breeches and Pumps; followed by four Operators in Antick Dresses, singing the Symphony sustain'd with a medly of strange Instruments.

Two Chymists Sing.

1. Chym. *What ailest thee thou musing man?*
2. Chym. *Why art thou melancholy?*
1. Chym. *Come let's cure him if we can.*
2. Chym. *Sadness is the greatest folly.*

Four Operators sing.

1 Operat. *Let's cure this wight,*
2 Operat. *He's a gallant Knight.*
3 Operat. *'Tis great pit-ty,*
4 Operat. *That he should dy*
All. *Of folly,*
Or of melancholy.

Two Chymists sing.

1. Chym. *We to cure thy sadness come.*
2. Chym. *Mirth with us we bring along.*
1. Chym. *Throats let's clear with crying hum.*
2. Chym. *Then treat this gallant with a Song.*

Four Operators sing.

1 Operat. *With Song we'l advance,*
2 Operat. *With Musick and dance,*
3 Operat. *With these we will cheer him.*
4 Operat. *Then give him Clisters half a dozen.*
1 Operat. *To purge away melancholy and clear him.*
2 Operat. *Then rinse his body with Canary and Sherrey.*
3 Operat. *If this will not make him merry,*

4 Opera.

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4 Operat. *'Tis we*
1 Operat. *That be*
2 and 3 Operat. *More fools than he,*
1 and 4 Operat. *And our art will us couzen.*
All. *And our art will us couzen.*

SONG 1.

Let him that's melancholy,
Each morning when he gets up
Take of Sack a good cup:
Sing a catch, and again sup:
Sip and sing, sing and sip again and again,
Till he find the Canary doth work in his brain.

2.

Then to dinner go, and after
Let him sit and hatch a laughter:
Sing t'other catch, take t'other cup,
Till each hath drunk his bottle up,
Thus laugh, thus quaff, thus quaff, thus laugh again & again,
Till he find the Canary doth work in his brain.

3.

At supper let him eat
But light and little meat;
Yet trowl the cup roundly away;
But avoid fogg y Ale,
And Beer new or stale:
For Wine is the liquor,
Makes the wits to grow quicker,
And each o'er his glass to tell a merry tale.

4.

This melancholy evil
Is a sort of a Devil,
Which wine and not holy water will drive away:
Nothing is so sure,
And perfect a cure,
As wine, as mirth and good company:
And if ought doth lack
'Tis a pipe of Tobac—coco—coco—coco—
Which taken may be
When to bed he doth go, gogo, gogo, gogo,

Cur.

Cur. Come let's have him up to his Chamber, and there give him the remedies perforce, which he refuses to take here. *Trick.* Help to let him out of his ſtool of repentance.

The Dance ended, Cureal *and* Trickmore *riſe from their ſeats.*

Sir. Sim. Stay, let me take out my handkerchief to blow my noſe. The Devil take ye all for Rogues.

They let Sir Simon *out of the chair, he puts his hand into his pocket, and takes out a Piſtol; they ſtart back, he runs out, they diſcharge their clyſters; and run out after him.*

Enter again Trickmore *and* Cureal.

Trick. He is gone, gone beyond recovery, all my deſigns are ruin'd.

Cur. A pox o'that Piſtol.

Trick. A pox on you for leaving the Key in the door.

Cur. Who'd have thought———

Trick. That you ſhou'd have plaid the Mountebank ſo long, and have no more brains in your ſcull. *Cur.* I have a device to recover all.

Trick. He'l find out Mr. *Jorden*, and then———

Cur. I'l to him firſt, and doubt not but I'l foreſtal his reception for a while: And here comes Mr. *Jorden* as I could wiſh.

Trick. Hold him in diſcourſe till I come and ſecond you in a new deſign. [*Exit* Trickmore.

Enter to Cureal *Mr.* Jorden, *Cleverwit, and* Lucie.

Jord. There was juggling in the caſe, *Lucia*, for I find it was your brother preſented the Ring to her, he was the man for whoſe ſake ſhe wore it, therefore tell me true how he came by it?

Clev. It may be ſhe loſt it, or laid it down ſomewhere, and he took it up. *Luc.* No, Sir. *Jord.* How was it then? let me know.

Luc. My Brother, Sir, deſired that he might preſent it, and I, ignorant of his pretenſions to *Marina*, gave it him.

Jord. But that thou art to be a Lady to night I wou'd beat thee for it.

Luc. Alaſs, Sir, I thought no harm, and judg'd it more fit for him to give it, than for me.

Jord. Let me hear a reaſon for that, and I'l forgive thee both this and the next fault.

Luc. I imagin'd Sir, Mrs. *Marina* would think my brother would be diſpleaſed at the match, as moſt ſons are when their Fathers marry again, it being againſt their intereſt to have a new brood in the Family, and might from thence have ſome ſcruple to match with you, having children ſo well grown: therefore I gave him the Ring to preſent, that it might appear by this Act, my Brother did well approve of having her for a Mother-in-Law. *Clev.* This is very rational.

Jord. Well, get you in again; and tell your Brother he has no way to come off with me, but utterly to renounce her, and reſign her to me.

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Luc. Yes, Sir, I hope he will. [*Exit* Lucia.

Clev. I thought Sir *Simon* would have visited your house with Lovers speed.

Jord. Something is the matter he comes not yet, and I am going to see what it is detains him.

Enter Cureal.

Cur. Mr. *Jorden*, have you seen Sir *Simon*?

Jord. No, is he come?

Cur. Come! yes, Sir, and gone. *Clev.* Gone!

Jord. He has not been at my house.

Cur. He has shown me a light pair of heels.

Jord. Is he come for certain to this end of the Town?

Clev. And gone for certain?

Cur. Both for certain; and if he comes to you, let him not conclude the marriage with your Daughter till he be duly prepar'd for it, and reduced to an estate of begetting children, well conditioned both in body and mind. *Jord.* I understand you not.

Clev. Nor do I know what he means.

Cur. Your Son-in-Law that is to be, was this morning put into my hands by a near relation of his that endeavours his good, to be my patient, and I must tell my friend, I do not think fit he should marry your daughter till he hath taken the remedies I am to prepare for his disease.

Jord. Has he any disease?

Cur. A most notorious one, and hard to be cured, 'tis gotten into his brain, *Clev.* What is his disease? *Cur.* Folly.

Jord. Ha, ha, he, that's one Reason why I make him my Son-in-Law; for what better husband can I provide for my daughter, than one that has much honour, a great estate, and but little wit. *Cur.* How, Sir?

Clev. I'l assure you, Mr. Doctor, you may spare your drugs and labour too, for his disease is as hereditary to his Family, as his estate, and you may sooner cure him of that than of the other.

Cur. But he has another disease I have not told you of.

Jord. Another?

Cur. One that debilitates his body as much as this his mind.

Jord. What is that? *Cur.* Doctors are bound to secresie.

Clev. You may tell Mr. *Jorden*.

Cur. For his Daughters sake, and because he is my friend, I will. But you must both promise to keep it secret.

Jord. Doubt not, that Gentleman is my great friend.

Clev. Pray out with it. *Cur.* I'l trust ye for once. *Clev.* You may.

Cur. You know, Mr. *Jorden*, Sir *Simon* has been in *France*.

Jord. I have heard so.

Cur. There he fell extremely in love with a Lady. He gave her his Gold,

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Gold, and ſhe as a token of her kindneſs gave him the Pox.

Jord. The Pox! *Clev.* The Pox ſaid you?

Cur. No ſuch great wonder, for moſt young Engliſh Gallants that go thither have the like misfortune. *Jord.* The Pox his diſeaſe!

Clev. It is indeed the fate of moſt young Travellers.

Cur. Like moſt of 'em too he fell into the hands of an unskilful Chirurgeon, who made no perfect cure; and ſhould he marry as he is, he either would have no children; or if he has, they will be peuling, whining, ſickly things, ſcab'd as young Cuckows, and look like Chickens that have got the pipp. *Clev.* We ſee the example of it dayly.

Jord. But that he is both Knight and Baronet, he ſhould not have my Daughter.

Cur. I doubt not, but by the courſe I intend for him, within forty days to put his body in a good condition for procreation.

Jord. Well then, I'll have him enquir'd out, he ſhall marry my daughter preſently, leſt ſhe ſhould hear on't, and be averſe to the Marriage: And then Mr. Doctor and friend, I will deliver him again into your hands.

Cur. How! let him marry your daughter before he is cured?

Jord. Yes, I'l make ſure of him firſt; for he may dye under your hands, and then ſhe miſſes the title of Lady, and the honour of having been wife to a Knight Baronet; beſides, he makes her a very great joynture. *Clev.* How his folly fruſtrates our deſigns! [*Aſide.*

Enter Trickmore.

Trick. Now is the time I muſt ſhow my ſelf a man of Intrigue, or for ever loſe the reputation I have gotten. [*Aſide.*
Gentlemen, can any of you inform me which is Doctor *Cureal*'s houſe?

Clev. That is his houſe, and this Gentleman is the Doctor.

Cur. Yes, Sir, I am Doctor *Cureal.*

Trick. I have a little private buſineſs, and beg theſe Gentlemens leave to ſpeak with you.

Clev. Mr. *Jorden*, you have not yet told me how you like your Miſtreſs. [Trickmore *and* Cureal *whiſper at one end of the Stage.*

Jord. Oh, Sir, 'tis the prettieſt charmingſt Rogue——

Clev. Her eyes are but little.

Jord. Oh, but Mr. *Cleverwit*, ſo ſparkling, ſo black and ſo piercing, they ſtrike a man to the heart at firſt ſight.

Clev. She has a wide mouth.

Jord. She has ſo, but ſo many Graces about it, ſuch pretty dimples at each corner when ſhe ſmiles, and ſuch a pair of ſmacking lips too.

Clev. Her ſtature is but low.

Jord. But yet ſhe's well ſhap'd: Oh, 'tis a pretty ſnug Rogue, ſhe'l lye as round—— *Clev.* She ſpeaks very little.

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Jord. Oh, a pratling woman is worse than a Flock of Geese.

Clev. And some conclude, a woman that wants tongue, wants wit.

Jord. And she that has too much, wants Grace.

Clev. Well, Sir, I see plainly by your excusing her, that you love her, and will have her from your Son.

Jord. If her Father order her, as I'l order my Son, we shall meet in a pair of sheets. [Cureal *as from whispering.*

Cur Well, Sir, I'll acquaint my friends here with the business; and if you'l engage your word before them, I'l do't.

Trick. Business of this nature should not be communicated.

Cur. They are my special friends.

Trick. Well, Sir, if you think good to trust 'em.

Cur. Mr. *Jorden*, whatever you hear, say nothing, till you have made a full discovery; here is villany plotting against you.

[*Aside to* Jorden

Jord. Ha, knavery, knavery.

Cur. Ye must know friends, one Sir *Simon Softhead* is my Patient, whom I have to cure of a certain distemper, which will require some considerable time. Well, go you on, Sir.

Trick. The said Sir *Simon* is come to Town to marry the Daughter of one Mr. *Jorden*, a rich man. *Jord.* So.

Trick. Now this Sir *Simon* owing much money to me, and five other Merchants of *Norwich*, we have all his land in mortgage; but we being all his Fathers Friends, and having a respect for the Son, are willing to do him all the good we can; and therefore do underhand manage the business so, combining with the said Sir *Simon*, that the Mortgages and Engagements shall not appear to endamage his Marriage.

Clev. Well, Sir. *Cur.* Now comes the design.

Trick. So that Sir *Simon* may, besides the portion he is to have with his wife, take up of his Father-in-Law (who we hear is a mony'd man) as much money as will pay all his debts, and engage to him his land before engag'd to us. *Jord.* O dainty Rascals!

Cur. And then shall your Mortgage start up and take it from him.

Clev. So shall the Son cheat the Father-in Law, and the Father have no remedy for it.

Trick. Yes, Sir, and this may easily be done, for Mr. *Jorden* is but a half-witted fellow. *Jord.* Oh, is he so, Rascal?

Trick. The said Land passes already currant for the joynture, tho' mannag'd by his Brother in the Country, who is not much wiser than himself. *Jord.* Very good.

Trick. Now, Gentlemen, this Sir *Simon* being also a man of a thick scull, and not so sensible of his own good, as he ought to be; I, and the other five Merchants do desire of Mr. Doctor, to perswade Sir *Si-*

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mon to ſtrike up the Match, and be marryed before he enter into his courſe of Phyſick, that the deſign ſo well laid may not take wind, and miſcarry by his folly and want of diſcretion.

Cur. And for this piece of ſervice, your ſelf and theſe other five Merchants do reward me with an hundred pounds, to be demanded the day after the marriage.

Trick. I do here before theſe Gentlemen promiſe and engage my ſelf for the true and juſt payment of it, and will moreover treat theſe Gentlemen with a dinner of five pound. *Cur.* How are you call'd?

Trick. My name is *William Webſter*, Merchant of Stuffs in *Norwich*.

Jord. Then, I ſay, *William Webſter* of *Norwich*, and the reſt of his Merchant Combiners are knaves, ha, ha, he, bear witneſs Gentlemen———ha, ha, he,———

Trick. Gentlemen, you'l not diſcover, I hope.

Clev. No, no friend, you have made diſcovery enough.

Jord. Pray tell Sir *Simon*, my Daughter ſhall not be a beggar to be a Lady; there are more Knights Baronets in the World.

Trick. Mr. Doctor, is this Mr. *Jorden?*

Cur. The very man, now, I think on't. *Trick.* Oh dire miſchance!

Jord. Come, Sir, pay your hundred pound, Mr. Doctor has done your buſineſs for you—ha, ha, he.

Trick. Well, Sir *Simon* is an undone man, and ſo I'll go tell him.

Jord. And when you find him, tell him too he may e'en go like a fool as he came—ha, ha, he.

Trick. This after game was well plaid. [*Aſide.*]

[*Exit* Trickmore.

Jord. A half-witted fellow! ha, ha, he.

Cur. How blank will Sir *Simon* and the reſt look when they hear this news. *Clev.* I fear he is more knave than fool.

Cur. Mr. *Jorden*, I am glad I have ſerv'd you in ſo important an affair; I muſt leave my friend to viſit a Lady of great Quality that has ſent for me.

Clev. And I am heartily ſorry, I cannot ſtay till Sir *Simon* comes, to ſee the upſhot of the buſineſs, for come he will if he miſſes this fellow.

Cur. Your ſervant, Mr. *Jorden*. *Clev.* Your ſervant, Sir.

Jord. Your ſervant, Mr. Doctor: Your ſervant, Mr *Cleverwit*.

[Cleverwit *and* Curea *exeunt ſeveraly.*

Enter to Old Jorden, *Young* Jorden.

Jord. Oh, Sir, are you here? I have found out all your intrigue with Mrs. *Marina*, you are the man in her books, are you?

Y. Jord. Only in that one thing I am happy.

Jord. But you muſt think no more of her.

Y. Jord. Not think of her! *Jord.* No, Sir.

Y. Jord. It is impoſſible.

Jord.

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Jord. You muſt reſign your intereſt. *Y. Jord.* To no man living.
Jord. To me. *Y. Jord.* Not, while I have life.
Jord. She is to be my wife. *Y. Jord.* Not with my conſent.
Jord. I have her Fathers good liking.
Y. Jord. And I have the Daughters.
Jord. She muſt ſubmit to her Father's will, and you to mine.
Y. Jord. Love is ſubject to no Laws but its own; when that is in diſpute, all reſpect to power and authority is laid aſide.
Jord. I ſhall make you know me.
Y. Jord. He that loves well, dares all threats defie.
Jord. You will then be meddling in my concerns.
Y. Jord. No, Sir, 'tis you meddle with mine, I lov'd her firſt.
Jord. And you ſhall quit her firſt. *Y. Jord.* Quit her?—never—
Jord. I'l force you, ſaucy *Jack*. *Y. Jord.* You cannot.
Jord. I'l try that.

[Jorden *offers* to ſtrike Y. Jorden. *Enter to them* Jaques.

Jaq. Oh Maitre, Maitre *Jorden*, vat do you mean?
Y. Jord. I laugh at your anger.
Jord. You ſhall cry at my anger. [Jorden *offers to ſtrike.*
Jaq. O maitre, maitre *Jorden?* *Jord.* Let me come to him.
Jaq. O ſee, ſee, fader beat te great ſon, vat, vat, be te difference? make me te judge, me paſs me parol to make te reconcilement.
Jord. You ſhall hear Mr. *Jack*.
Jaq. But ſtand you two at more great diſtance: So now me am to be te judge: ſo, hum, hum, ſpeak te fader now: Be no dat ver juſt to bid te fader ſpeak before te ſon.
Jord. I love Mrs. *Marina*, and have intentions to marry her, and my ſon here in ſpight of my teeth ſays he will love her.
Jaq. Spit in your teet, no good faſhione: he be too blame ver much.
Jord. Is't not an inſolence in a ſon to contend with his father?
Jaq. A ver great injure.
Jord. Ought he not to forbear his pretenſions to ſhew me reſpect?
Jaq. You have te grand reaſon: let me go ſpeak to him, and ſtand you dere.
Y. Jord. Well, ſince he hath made you judge, I am content to refer the matter to you.

[Jaques *goes to* Y. Jorden *at the other end of the ſtage.*

Jaq. You do me te ver great honour.
Y. Jord. I was firſt in league with Mrs *Marina*, ſhe makes kind returns to my affection; and with tenderneſs receives the offers of my love; and my father comes to diſturb our peace with his pretenſions.
Jaq. A ver great injure.
Y. Jord. Is it not very unreaſonable to deſire ſhe ſhould love him a-

gainſt

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gainſt her inclination, ought he not rather to quit his deſign?

Jaq. You have the reaſon, let me now ſpeak to your fader. Have you no more to ſay, but dat you love te Gentlewoman? [*To* Jorden.

Jord. Yes, I have her Fathers conſent, and he is utterly againſt my ſons marrying his daughter. *Jaq.* Ver good.

Jord. Ought ſhe not to be obedient to her father?

Jaq. Oh vithout doubt. Let me ſpeak to your ſon. Your fader do ſay he has te conſent of her fader. [*To Y.* Jorden.

Y. Jord. But I have the conſent of the Daughter.

Jaq. Auh dat be 'gen te ver good reazon.

Y. Jord. Is it not a great injuſtice in him to cauſe her father to force her to marry one ſhe does not love?

Jaq. Oh vithout doubt, dat be ver injuſte. Now let me have te conſideration how to do juſtice: te cauſe be ver difficult. [*He ſtudies*] Auh, you love te Gentlewoman? *Y. Jord.* Yes.

Jaq. And ſhe do love you? *Y. Jord.* Yes.

Jaq. And ſhe vill marre you? *Y. Jord.* Yes.

Jaq. O vat remedy? vel, ſtay you dere——— Vell, Sir, your Zon be no ſo obſtinate as you do tink, he do ſubmit to you, and ſay vat he did tell you, vas in his great indignation, and dat he vill give you te Maitreſs, provide dat you vill treat him ver vell for te future; and let him have ſome little part of your Eſtate, dat he may live like te Zon of Monſieur *Jordane*, and marre ſome Gentilwoman dat be young, handſome, and riſh.

Jord. Well, tell him he may have any thing hereafter, and except *Marina*, he is at liberty to chooſe whom he will.

Jaq. O, let me mannage te affair—[*Goes to Y.* Jorden] Your fader have te more diſcretion den you imagine, he ſay dat te faſhione of your diſcourſe put him in te grand colore, and dat he vill give te conſent to vat you deſire, provide dat you give te promiſe for te future to be te ver good Zon, and render to his perſon te reſpect and ſubmiſſion tat one Zon ow to te fader.

Y. Jord. You may aſſure him, that granting *Marina*, he obliges me for ever to ſubmit my ſelf intirely to him, and henceforward his will ſhall be a law to all my actions.

Jaq. Oh ſo tis affair be diſpatch. [*To* Jorden.

Jord. As I could wiſh.

Jaq. Te league be conclude: [*To Y.* Jorden.] He be content vith vat you do promiſe. *Y. Jord.* Oh my kind Stars be thank'd.

Jaq. Now ye may make diſcourſe togeader agen; ye ſe how ſoon te man of diſcretion make te accommodation.

Y. Jord. I am much oblig'd to you.

Jaq. Not at all vor vat me do, me be your humble ſerviteur.

Jord.

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Jord. You have done well Master *Jaques*; there is a reward for you. [*Gives him money.*

Jaq. Me kiss your hand Maitre *Jordane*. [Jorden, Jaques *Exeunt.*

Enter Trickmore *and* Cureal *to Young* Jorden.

Trick. I am now *Trickmore* again, and ready to receive Sir *Simon* if he come this way: I will proceed to sow such jealousies between the Father and the Son-in-Law, that shall make 'em both draw contrary ways. Yonder he comes, be gone. [*Y.* Jorden *and* Cureal *exeunt.*

Enter Sir Simon *singing.*

Sir Sim. *Of folly or of melancholy,*
Of folly or of melancholy,——coco——coco——cooo.

Trick. What mean you by this Sir *Simon?*

Sir Sim. All I see seems Clysters to me. *Trick.* How!

Sir Sim. You know not what has hapned since I parted from you.

Trick. No, what is't?

Sir Sim. I thought I should have been treated according to my Quality. *Trick.* And well.——

Sir Sim. And I was left by that Gentleman in the hands of two fellows cloathed in black, Physicians I suppose they were, who set me in a trap-chair, felt my pulse, shak'd their noddles, cry'd ah! is't so? he's a fool, he's a fool: then did these two buffle-headed talkative fellows in broad brim'd hats speak nonsence for an hour, till my patience was wearied; then entered such a consort of Musick, as if they had play'd a flourish for the entry of Devils; but were followed by half a dozen Anticks singing, and dancing with Syringes and Clysters in their hands, that they made me almost out of my wits; when with much ado by the help of a Pocket Pistol, I got from 'em, they all discharg'd at me: see, am I not all beclysterfied? *Trick.* Indeed you have an odd smell about you.

Sir Sim. Oh my imagination is filled with 'em, every thing I see methinks is a Clyster.

Trick. How deceitful is the outside! I thought that Gentleman the sincerest of your Friends. *Sir Sim.* A very Rascal.

Trick. This is one of my wonderments, is't possible there should be such knavery in the world? *Sir Sim.* I think that is the house.

Trick. According to my promise I came, thinking to have found you there, but I have knock'd this half hour, and the Devil of any body can I make answer, the doors and windows are all shut close, as if no body was in the house.

Sir Sim. The Rogues thought it time to be gone. Ever since I made my escape, I have been enquiring to find out Mr. *Jorden*; I am told he lives

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lives in this ſtreet, and I am glad I have met with you; that you may help me to find his houſe. *Trick.* So, ſo, I ſmell you out, Sir *Simon.*

Sir Sim. Smell me? Aye ſo may any body: a pox on theſe Rogues and their Clyſters.

Trick. I mean I know your deſign of enquiring out Mr *Jorden*, you have a months mind to his Daughter, I warrant.

Sir Sim. Yes, I come to Town on deſign to marry her.

Trick. To marry her? *Sir Sim.* Yes. *Trick.* Indeed to marry her.

Sir Sim. Aye, for what elſe do you think?

Trick. Nay, then 'tis another matter, and I crave your pardon.

Sir Sim. What mean you by this? *Trick.* Nothing, Sir.

Sir Sim. Pray tell. *Trick.* Nothing, not I, I ſpoke a little too haſtily.

Sir Sim. Pray let me know what was in your mind.

Trick. It is not at all convenient. *Sir Sim.* Nay, pray out with it.

Trick. By no means, indeed you muſt excuſe me.

Sir Sim. Then I ſee you are not the man I took you for, I thought you had been my Friend. *Trick.* No man more.

Sir Sim. You ought not then to conceal any thing from me.

Trick. It is a matter in which is concern'd the intereſt of a Neighbour.

Sir Sim. To oblige you to open your heart, take this Ring and wear it for my ſake.

Trick. Let me thiuk a little whether I may do it in conſcience. 'Tis a man who ſeeks his own good, who endeavours to provide for his Daughter, as advantagiouſly as he can. I ought to injure no man. Theſe things are known truths: And then I go about to diſcover to a man that is ignorant of them. 'Tis forbidden to ſpeak ill of our Neighbour.

Sir Sim. Not to interrupt you, there's Gold, by my ſoul you ſhall keep it: Now pray go on.

Trick. But on the other ſide, here is a ſtranger he would ſurpriſe, and one who comes with a good intent to marry his Daughter, whom he knows not, nor ever ſaw; a Gentleman free and courteous, for whom I have a kindneſs, who does me the honour to eſteem me his Friend; repoſes confidence in me, who gives me a Ring to wear for his ſake, and Gold. Well, I find I can tell you all without ſcruple of conſcience. But I'l take care to tell you as blameleſſly as I can, and to ſpare the perſon as much as may be. To tell you then, this Daughter of his lives diſhoneſtly would be too harſh; I'l find ſome milder term to expreſs my meaning; to ſay ſhe's gallanted is not enough, but I think it will ſuit well with my meaning, to ſay ſhe is a naughty pack; and may ſerve to let you know truly what ſhe is.

Sir Sim. Oh, oh, they take me then for a Coaks.

Trick. It may be ſhe is not ſo bad as the talk goes, and ſince there are

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some young women that expose themselves to censure, by taking too much liberty, not thinking their honour and reputation depends——

Sir Sim. I thank you, Sir, I will not be in the Turkish fashion, and go with a crescent above my brows, I love to walk without being pointed at. *Trick.* Well Sir, but you are resolv'd to give 'em a visit.

Sir Sim. On purpose to let 'em see how they are deceived.

Trick. Well, Sir, I'l wait on you to the door, have a care, she's very handsome, and beauty is a sort of witchcraft.

Sir Sim. Let me alone, I warrant you.

Trick. At your return you shall find me here about.

[Trickmore, *Sir* Simon *exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter a Boy and Sir Simon *followed by* Jordan.

Boy. BE pleased to walk in there, Sir, my Master will come presently.

Jord. Where, where is the Gentleman would speak with me?

Sir Sim. Your servant, Sir, are you Mr. *Jordan?*

Jord. So I am call'd, Sir. *Sir Sim.* And I am Sir *Simon Softhead.*

Jord. In good time.

Sir Sim. Do you think, Mr. *Jordan*, we *Suffolk* men are Fools?

Jord. And do you think, Sir Knight, that we Londoners are Gulls?

Sir Sim. Do you imagine that such a man as I am, is so put to't for a wife?

Jord. And do you believe that such a woman as my Daughter is so in want of a Husband?

Enter to them Lucia.

Luc. I am inform'd Father, Sir *Simon* is come: this is he without doubt, my heart tells me so; what a comely person! how well shap'd! what a bone meen, and gentile carriage he has! Oh how content I am you have made choice of such a man to be my Husband.

Jord. Soft and fair, Daughter. *Sir Sim.* How coming she is.

Jord. I would fain know, Sir *Simon*, what wind brings you hither?

Luc. Indeed Father I am so pleas'd with Sir *Simon*, he's one of the comeliest and most courtly persons!

Sir Sim. She's on fire already: Ha, 'tis a pretty little loving Fool.

[*Aside.*

Luc. You know what interest you have here, Sir *Simon*, you need not make your self so much a stranger.

Jord. Daughter stand off, keep from him I bid you.

Sir Sim. What a liquorish baggage 'tis, she'd have me salute her.

Jord.

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Ford. I would fain know for what reason, and please you, you,——

Luc. Ah my dear, Sir *Simon*. *Ford.* Again! the wench is mad.

Luc. Will you not permit me to express a kindness to the man you have determin'd to be my husband?

Ford. No, get you up into your chamber.

Luc. Let me but stay and look at him. *Sir Sim.* Ah pure wheedle.

Ford. Get you in, I say. *Luc.* I'd stay here, if you please.

Sir Sim. A cunning slut how she gleggs at me.

Ford. Get you in once more, or——— *Luc.* Well, I go then.

Ford. Are you not gone yet?

Luc. When is it, Sir, we are to be married?

Ford. Never: let that serve your turn.

Sir Sim. How her chops water at me!

Luc. But you have promis'd I should be his Wife.

Ford. If I promised you, I unpromise you.

Sir Sim. She's agog for me: She sings loth to depart.

Luc. But if we will, who can hinder it?

Ford. Why I'll hinder it, and take notice I forbid the banns. My Daughter's bewitch'd, I think.

Sir Sim. Well, our good Father-in-law that was to have been, don't trouble your self, I have no such maw to your Daughter. This won't do: ha, ha, he, who put it into your head that Sir *Simon Softhead* was a man to buy a pig in a poke, and wants wit enough to inform himself how squares go, and one that would so soon be drawn into the noose of matrimony without being well assured it would be safe for his reputation, ha, ha, he, he's no such fool as you take him for, I'll assure you.

Ford. I know not what you mean by this; but how came you to have such a conceit in your head, that Mr. *Jorden* had no more brains in's scull, and consider'd his daughters good no more, than to marry her to a man who has you know what, and was put you know where, and to you know who, to be cured against you know when?

Sir Sim. Come, come, Sir, I know what you mean, but that's a lye, I am as sound and as well as you, or any man living.

Ford. Well, well, some body that knows some body, told some body, tho' that some body must tell no body.

Sir Sim. That some body is a lying Rogue; I am a Gentleman every half inch of me, and I'll make it appear with sword in hand, I'll justifie my reputation, here, or on any ground in *England*.

Ford. Well, Sir, I have a sword too in my house, am a Gentleman, and may in time too be a Knight; and will tell you here, or on any ground in *England*, that, what I know, I know; nor am I to be cousened with Land Mortgag'd already to *Norwich* Merchants to pay debts, not I, Sir.

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Sir Sim. What mortgage? what land? what debts? what *Norwich* Merchants? ha, ha, he.

Jord. Come, come, dissembling won't do, all's out, I am not to be chous'd out of my money, nor wheedled to pay Creditors, no, Sir.

Sir Sim. What Creditors, ha Sir? do you know, Sir?

Enter Y. Jorden.

Y. Jord. Who's this with a drawn Sword against my Father, and he unarm'd? Come, Sir, make me your adversary.

Sir Sim. You are his Hector, are you? *Y. Jord.* I am his Son, Sir?

Sir Sim. That is more than I will be, I assure you.

Y. Jord. And will vindicate his cause with the last drop of my blood.

Sir Sim. Oh, Sir, your servant; fare you well Bully-Ruffian.

Y. Jord. I'l be so civil to wait on you to the door.

Exit Sir Simon, *Young* Jorden, *after him with his drawn sword, clash without.*

Enter Cureal.

Cur. Oh Mr. *Jorden*, Mr. *Jorden!*

Jord. What, Mr. Doctor, what's the matter?

Cur. Such news, such joyful news! *Jord.* What, what is it?

Cur. I have made such haste hither, I scarce have breath left to tell it you. *Jord.* Oh dear Mr. Doctor!

Cur. The Lady I went to, when I parted from you, entreats the favour of me to recommend some Lodgings to her: now it presently came into my mind, that you have a house spacious and well furnished, fit to receive a Lady of great Quality. *Jord.* What, I let Lodgings?

Cur. O no, dear friend, you mistake me: whereupon, that you might have an occasion to court and be acquainted with this Lady, said I to her, I have a friend, a very good friend, called Mr. *Jorden*, at which word she started, who will do me the honour to give you, or any friend of mine an appartement in his house, and there, Madam, you will be treated very honourably, and receiv'd with much respect and gallantry.

Jord. I am oblig'd to you. But what I pray was the reason she started when she heard my name?

Cur. At that time, Madam (said I) you seem surprised: and then she blush'd, and her colour went and came, and came and went. Then I proceeded: Madam does the name offend you? I must confess (said she) I know some reason to wish I had never heard the name, nor seen the man; yet have I not so much power not to see him again, and it was my desire the Lodging you were to provide me should be near that persons house; but pray make no more words on't, said she; then blush'd again, and turn'd away and sigh'd.

Jord. What meant all this?

Cur. Nay, Sir, it is no riddle: what think you?

Jord.

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Ford. I vow to you I cannot guess unless it be love.

Cur. You'l ne'er be counted a Conjurer for telling this, tho' it is a most undoubted truth. *Ford.* Well, Sir, and will she come?

Cur. Come Sir? she can't help it, there is no resisting the influence of our stars. Lord! Mr. *Jorden*, that you should have such prodigious luck. *Ford.* Is she very rich? *Cur.* Rich? what is she think you?

Ford. A Lady. *Cur.* A Lady? *Ford.* A Countess. *Cur.* More.

Ford. A Marquess. *Cur.* A Marchioness you mean, more, Sir, more.

Ford. A Dutchess. *Cur.* More than all that.

Ford. More than a Dutchess? what is she then?

Cur. A Princess, Sir. *Ford.* A Princess, Mr Doctor?

Cur. Mum, Mr. *Jorden:* ha, is no body near? let me see: have we no listners. Aye, Mr. *Jorden*, a Princess, I say to you she is a Princess.

Ford. I'l lay my life now at last the jest of it is that her name is Princess.

Cur. No, Sir, she is a Princess by birth, her Quaality is Princess.

Ford. Indeed!

Cur. I knew her in hanging-sleeves, I was Physician to her Father while I was in *Germany.*

Ford. She is then Daughter to one of the Princes in *Germany.*

Cur. Right, she is a German Princess; I taught her English when I was there, and she has since marvellously improv'd her self in our Language. *Ford.* I am glad she understands English.

Cur. Admirably well. *Ford.* Will she come to night?

Cur. Immediately; her Coach was at her door when I came. But be sure you give her no ground to apprehend you know her Quality, for she is here incognito, and will not be known till all her train and attendants come over, which will be very suddenly; therefore what you do, you must do quickly, for then she'l be for Court.

Ford. I'l make good use of the opportunity.

Cur. Besides should you not declare your love till after you know her Quality, she may think it is but ambition, and that you are more enamour'd of her quality than person.

Ford. I'l assure you, most dear friend, and divine Doctor, I will lose no time.

Cur. Well, Sir, but pray let me not lose the title of Doctor of Physick for that of Divinity.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Oh, Maitre *Jorden*, here be te ver fine Lady in te great glass Coroach, enquire for Dr. *Curral.* *Cur.* 'Tis she: Prepare, Sir.

Ford. I dare be bold, now you Mr. Doctor have felt her pulse for me.

Cur. Be not too ceremonious, but behave your self as if she was but what she seems, a Gentlewoman.

Enter

Enter Betty Trickmore.

Cur. Madam, this is Mr. *Jorden*, Master of the house, and my worthy friend.

Jord. Oh, I had like to have forgot. Madam, a little nearer, I pray.

B. Trick. Sir? | Jorden *runs to salute her; turns his back, and goes a good way, and advances, making three congies, finds himself too far off, and beckons her to come nearer.*

Jord. One step nearer, and please you: So, you are welcome, Madam, as I may say. Oh she kisses like a Queen! [*Aside.*

B. Trick. I presume upon Mr. Doctors score of friendship to give you the trouble of being your guest some few days.

Jord. Madam, it is to me a great glory to see my self so fortunate, as to be so happy to have the good luck, that you should have the bounty to do me such a grace, as to afford me the honour, to honour me with the favour of your good company. And that———

Cur. Mr. *Jorden*, you have done well, this Lady loves not much ceremony, she knows you are a man of wit and parts. [*low to* Betty Trickmore] 'Tis as good a ridiculous Cit as e'er was seen.

B. Trick. He is a very farce, nothing but ridicule.

Cur. Believe me, Madam, this Gentleman is one of the best friends.

Jord. You do me too great an Honour.

Cur. As gallant a man as lives.

B. Trick. I have no small esteem for him.

Jord. I have not yet done any thing, Madam, to merit this Grace, but if your Ladyship please to command me any service, your Grace shall find I have such an inclination to serve your Highness, that it should be impossible for any man, were you a Princess ten times o'er.

Cur. Hold. *B. Trick.* What means Mr. *Jorden?*

Cur. Have a care what you say.

Jord. I vow, Madam, I forgot, and I beg your Princely pardon.

B. Trick. I understand not Mr. *Jorden*'s discourse.

Cur. You will spoil all.

Jord. Ha: O Lord, Madam, if I have offended you, I cry your Highness mercy. *Cur.* Again, fie, fie, Mr. *Jorden.*

Jord. I vow it was out before I was aware.

B. Trick. Mr. *Jorden* is too great a Courtier.

Cur. I hope, Madam, you'l not be offended, it is a custom he has got to give the title of Princess and Queen to all Ladies that are extraordinary fair and beautiful, because like Princesses and Queens they rule, command, and are adored.

Jord. Had I not been interrupted, you are so very beautiful, I should have run on till I had call'd you Emperour and great Turk.

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Cur. How, Mr. *Jorden?* Empreſs and Sultaneſs you mean.

Jord. Pauh, a man in love minds not what,——I ſhould have call'd you Cherubin and Arch-angel, ere I had done.

B. Trick. Are you then in love, Mr. *Jorden?*

Jord. There I am caught again. Who I? no Madam, not I.

Cur. What do you mean to deny it now? *B. Trick.* I am not well.

Cur. Do you ſee what you have done?

Jord. Yes, yes, Madam, I am in love, I am in love.

B. Trick. Indeed? ah me. [*She ſwoons.*

Cur. She ſwoons, run for ſome ſpirits. *Jord.* Help, help.

Cur. Stay, ſhe revives. [*Revives.*

Jord. I am in love, Madam, I aſſure you. [*Faints again.*

B. Trick. Ah. *Jord.* Help, help.

Enter Lucia, *a Gentlewoman, and a Page with a little Cabinet.*

Luc. What out-cry is this?

Jord. Oh Daughter, help, the Lady ſwoons.

Woman. O my dear Prin——, my dear Miſtreſs.

Jord. Dear Prin——O have I caught you tripping too.

B. Trick. Hy ho. *Cur.* How do you, Madam?

B. Trick. Pretty well, Mr. Doctor, I thank you.

Jord. Madam, here is my Daughter come to wait on you.

B. Trick. Her company perfects my recovery. [Betty Trickmore *and* Lucia *ſalute*] How wondrous pretty ſhe is, ſhe's ſo like you Mr. *Jorden,* I muſt needs ſalute her once more.

Cur. Obſerve that, like you, and kiſſes her again.

Luc. Madam, you are all obliging, and I merit nothing of this favour.

Woman. Madam, here is the Cabinet you committed to my care.

B. Trick. Mr. *Jorden,* in this trunck is all my preſent concern, will you pardon me, if I requeſt the trouble of you to ſee it ſafe locke up.

Jord. I'l take care of it my ſelf, and put it into my Iron cheſt, where I keep my own little treaſure.

B. Trick. You ſhall ſee what it contains; look you, Sir, here is a ſmall parcel of Gold, ſome ſix thouſand pounds, with ſome trifling Jewels to the value of about two thouſand pounds more, not worth your ſeeing.

Cur. Mr. *Jorden* will ſee 'em carefully diſpos'd of.

Jord. They ſhall be forth-coming when you pleaſe.

B. Trick. I have twelve thouſand pound more to receive of the Banquers next week, for ſome friends of mine, alas I am not worth near ſo much.

Jord. That is becauſe I ſhould not think her a perſon of great Quality, I underſtand her wheedle.

B. Trick.

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B. Trick. Mr. Doctor, I find my self very drowsie.

Cur. Your spirits, Madam, are faint, and weak: retire a while to your Chamber, one half hours repose will much refresh and enliven you.

B. Trick. Woman, where are you?

Jord. Madam, my Daughter shall wait on you too.

B. Trick. It were a disease to part with her, nothing I'l assure you can delight me more than her company.

Luc. You are pleas'd to esteem it.

B. Trick. Page, wait on Mr. *Jorden* with my Cabinet.

Jord. Mr. Doctor, I'l wait on you immediately.

[Betty Trickmore, Lucia *and Woman exeunt.*

Enter to Cureal *Young* Jorden *and* Jaques.

Y. Jord. 'Tis well you give me timely notice of the deceit. I wonder'd indeed at my Fathers sudden change.

Jaq. Te reconcilement was good for te present, you give me your pardon. *Y. Jord.* You did very well.

Jaq. Your servant. [*Exit* Jaques.

Cur. All things succeed wonderfully.

Y. Jord. The grand Masque is ready, the Play-house has furnish'd us rarely with habits; the Masquerade seems a little burlesque, but 'twill pass upon him, it hits his humour so right.

Cur. What with his love for *Marina*, and his ambition for our German Princess, his brain is so unsettled, he cannot frame a judgment so much as whether a thing be possible, or not; much less discern 'twixt probabilities and improbabilities.

Enter Jorden.

Y. Jord. Sir, I have had remorse of conscience for contending with you for *Marina*, but to make a perfect amends, and to gain your pardon entirely, I have us'd all my endeavours to perswade her to love you: and, Sir, I have so prevailed that she has promised her Father, she will be your Wife, if you demand it of her to night.

Jord. Ha, to night? I am busie.

Y. Jord. I am sorry for it, for her father has given her leave to make a vow never to be your wife unless you consummate the marriage this very night. *Jord.* Doctor, what do you advise me to?

Cur. To think of the Princess.

Jord. But does she love me think you?

Cur. She swounded, when you said you did not love.

Jord. Yes, and when I said I did, too.

Cur. She was then possess'd with jealousie, that you lov'd some other Lady: you may, Mr. *Jorden*, let a Princess dye for you; but it will not be done like a Gentleman.

Jord. No, won't it be like a Gentleman! Well, Son, let 'em know

if

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if they are in ſuch haſte, they may do as they pleaſe.

Y. Jord. Will you not go to her, Sir?

Jord. I have other fiſh to catch. You may tell Mrs. *Marina*, they that will not when they may, and ſo forth.

Y. Jord. After this night you will have no hopes.

Jord. There or in another place. What, marriage is a matter of moment, and I will firſt conſult with my pillow.

Y. Jord. I am ſorry you are ſo much diſguſted.

Jord. It may be, anon I may ſend my man to 'em, and it may be not.

[*Exit Young* Jorden.

Cur. I have buſineſs that way, if you pleaſe I'l ſerve you in that occaſion, and tell 'em your mind. *Jord.* Pray do.

Cur. Your ſervant. [*Exit* Cureal.

Enter Trickmore *and* Jaques.

Jaq. There be Maitre *Jorden.*

Trick. Sir, I have not the honour to be known to you.

Jord. Nor I the like to you, Sir.

Trick. I remember I have ſeen you at my Fathers, when we were Children, your Father uſed to bring you ſometimes to our houſe; you was the prettieſt ſweet babe, the women did love to get you upon their knees, and kiſs you. *Jord.* Kiſs me!

Trick. Your Father and mine were great Cronies. *Jord.* Indeed!

Trick. I am ſorry to hear he is dead, he was a very honeſt Gentleman.

Jord. How ſay you, Sir?

Trick. I ſay he was a very honeſt Gentleman.

Jord. What, my Father? *Trick.* Yes, as liv'd.

Jord. And you knew him very well? *Trick.* I did Sir,

Jord. And you knew him to be a Gentleman? *Trick.* Yes.

Jord. Then I know not how the world goes. *Trick.* Why, Sir?

Jord. All the world knew him to be but a Shop-keeper.

Trick. He a Shop-keeper? *Jord.* Yes, a Mercer, was he not?

Trick. He a Mercer? what becauſe he was very obliging, and officious, and becauſe he had great skill in ſilks, went up and down and bought 'em, and had 'em ſent home to his houſe, and gave 'em to his friends and acquaintance for their money; therefore he was a Shop-keeper, was he?

Jord. I always thought him a Shop-keeper: but I am glad to underſtand from you that my Father was a Gentleman.

Trick. He was, and I'l maintain it.

Jord. I am oblig'd to you for it.

Trick. Since I ſaw him (good Gentleman) which is now about twenty years, I have travelled almoſt o'er all the world.

Jord. O'er all the world?

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Trick. Yes, Sir, o'er all the world.

Ford. 'Tis a great way thither.

Trick. It is but four days since I have been in Town after my long travels, and to morrow or next day I am to depart again.

Ford. Your own Country, after so long an absence, should methinks be too dear to you to part again so soon.

Trick. A mans Country is where he can make his fortune, I am lately got into a great employ. *Ford.* What, I pray?

Trick. I am now the great Turks English Interpreter, and have been so this fortnight.

Ford. Are you come so far as from *Turkey* in a fortnight?

Trick. Oh, Sir, the great Turk is here. *Ford.* What, in *England?*

Trick. Aye, Sir, he is here. *Ford.* Here? what in *London?*

Trick. Aye, Sir, and in this house.

Ford. The great Turk in my house?

Trick. Yes, and a great train with him.

Ford. In my house? in this house?

Trick. In this very house; he is come to visit a Lady that is newly come hither, and to take his leave of her.

Ford. How came he to know her, and that she was here?

Trick. He grew acquainted with her in *Germany*; and at her old lodgings they informed us of her remove, which I was glad to hear; for by this means I have an opportunity to pay my respects to you, Sir, whom I honour for your fathers sake.

Ford. But pray, Sir, how came the great Turk to be in Christendom?

Trick. Do not you remember you had the news some while since that the great Turks Brother was taken by a Squadron of the French fleet, as he was sailing to *Mecha*, to pay his devotions at *Mahomet's* Shrine?

Ford. I heard that indeed.

Trick. The King of *France* generously restor'd him to liberty, and he since that time has travell'd over most part of Christendom, and is now come to *England*; but since his arrival at *London*, which is now but two days, news is come that his Brother who was the Sultan, is dead, and he is to succeed him in his Empire, which occasions his sudden departure, for to morrow, or next day, he is to set sail for *Turkey*, attended with a Squadron of the Kings Frigats, which his Majesty sends to be his Convoy.

Enter a Turk.

Turk. Ebbim, acha halif ulabalecbi.

Trick. Alman bochin. Mr. *Jorden*, I am commanded to go about some affairs, but I'l wait on you again before my great Lord the Sultan turns his posteriors to the front of your Palace.

[*Exeunt* Turk *and* Trickmore.

Ford.

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Jord. Your ſervant, Mr. Interpreter, Mr. *Jack*, where is this great Turk? *Jaq.* Above vid te Lade. *Jord.* Who ſhowed him up?

Jaq. Her Shentilewoman.

Jord. Ha! he ſmells her out to be a Princeſs, he is my Rival: go fetch me my long Sword and Pumps. *Jaq.* Ha, vat do you mean?

Jord. Ne'er a great Turk in Chriſtendom ſhall rob me of my Princeſs.

Jaq. Ho Princeſs! my Maitre be troubled in te eſprete.

Jord. He is my Rival, and I'l fight him.

Jaq. You fight te great Turk?

Jord. I'l challenge him, and kill him by the trick I learnt to day.

Jaq. Oh he have te grand-train vit te Cemiter dat vil ſa, ſa, ſa, cut off te head, and te arm at one blow.

Jord. Well then, I will play the Politician: the Dialogue we omitted at dinner, in hopes this would have prov'd mine or my Daughters wedding-night, ſhall be performed by way of Cerenade, and I will plant my ſelf below o'er againſt the Balcony; and if I eſpie his Turkſhip making any courtſhip to her, I will put my ſelf into a poſture of terrour, and look ſo grum upon the matter, that he ſhall think me a Devil or a Rival. [*Exeunt* Jorden *and* Jaques.

Enter Trickmore *and Young* Jorden.

Y. Jord. Does Sir *Simon* then believe he has kill'd me?

Trick. I put him into a fear that he has done you ſome miſchief ſo ſoon as I diſingag'd him from you at the door; for I got his ſword out of his hand, and cut my finger with it, and bloodied the point, which much ſupriz'd him; then I hurryed him away in great haſte to that houſe, where I cauſed ſome perſons to come and report the news of your death, which has put him into ſuch fear, that he is reſolv'd to leave the Town in diſguiſe to avoid being apprehended.

Y. Jord. By that means we ſhall get quit of him.

Trick. The poſture our affairs are in at preſent, do not much ſeem to require his abſence, therefore I have contriv'd a defeat, and will keep him yet in play. I have ſet another Springe, which if it catch the Woodcock, 'twill hold him faſt. [*Exeunt Young* Jorden *and* Trickmore.

Enter Mr. Jorden, *Muſick, two Shepherds and a Shepherdeſs.*

Jord. Muſick, plant your ſelves under that Window, away with it ſmartly and briskly: ſo, this has allarm'd 'em to the Balcony. Now you to your Dialogue, and I to my poſture.

Cleverwit *in Turks habit with* Betty Trickmore *and* Lucia *appear in the Balcony,* Jorden *ſtands making grimaces all the while the Song is ſung.*

Two Shepherds, and a Shepherdeſs betwixt 'em ſing.

1 Man. *A heart in loves Empire, tho' joeund and blyth.*
From cares, and from fears can never be free:

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'Tis said that with pleasure we languish and sigh;
But for all can be urg'd, there's nothing can be
So pleasant, so pleasant as our libertie.

2 Man. *None are more happy, nor none are more blest*
Than whom Love doth inspire, with a gentle, soft fire;
When both of them sigh, and neither can rest,
How pleasant their pantings, how sweet their desire!
Love is a blessing, tho' counted a pain;
For take away Love, no pleasures remain.

1 Man. *To submit to Loves Law, ah sweet it would be,*
If in Love we could any fidelity see:
But O Rigour extream! O fate too unkind!
A Shepherdess faithful no man can find:
And this faithless Sex so unworthy doth prove,
They ought not to live, or ought not to love.

Woman. *A passion most sweet!*
1 Man. *Ah blest libertie!*
2 Man. *Sex full of deceit!*
1 Man. *How dear unto me!*
Woman. *How my heart you do ease!*
2 Man. *And how mine you displease!*
1 Man. *Ah quit thou for love this hatred so great.*
Woman. *A Shepherdess you,*
May find that is true.
2 Man. *But alas! where can she be met?*
Woman. *Our credits to save, my heart*
I do offer——————
1 Man. ——————*O subtle Art!*
2 Man. *But Shepherdess may I believe,*
That it wonnot it wonnot deceive?
Woman. *By experience let us try,*
Who can love best you or I.
1 Man. *To them that constancy want,*
May the Gods ne'er their wishes grant.
All three. *Let's permit the soft fire.*
To enflame our desire.
Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is love,
When two hearts faithful do prove!

[*Young* Jorden *and* Marina *in the Balcony are against 'em.*

Mar.

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Mar. He treats his new Mistress with a great deal of gallantry.

Y. Jord. Now dearest *Marina*, let us ascend to your Father, he is by this time from his Window convinc'd of the slight is put on you; hang about his neck, use all your little arts and pretty blandishments to gain his consent: you have powerful charms in your perswasions, such as will mollifie the most rigid natures.

Mar. He does not at all dislike your person.

Y. Jord. And I will induce him to consider the hopes I have of an estate, notwithstanding my fathers extravagant humour, I'l shew him what I have in present, and what more I hope from the event of this night. *Mar.* I am called. *Y. Jord.* Come it is your Fathers voice.

[*They retire from the Balcony.*

Jorden *stands all this while in a posture, with his eyes fix'd on the Balcony.*

Enter Mr. Jorden *and* Trickmore.

Trick. Sir, Mr. *Jorden*, Mr. *Jorden*, I have most advantageous news for you: My Lord and Master the Grand Seignior is mightily in love with your Daughter. *Jord.* Ha, with my Daughter! *Trick.* Yes.

Jord. With my Daughter, said you?

Trick. He has a mind to be your Son in-Law?

Jord. The great Turk be my Son-in-Law?

Trick. Yes, Sir, he call'd me to him just now, and speaking in his own Language, said, *Acciam croe soler ouch alla Moustaphi gidelum amanahem vorahini oussere carbulath*; (That is to say) This is that fair person I yesterday saw pass along the street: This is she I languish'd for, and knew not where to find.

Jord. The Great Turk say this of my *Lucie!*

Trick. I told him she was wondrous beautiful: Then, said he, *Marababa sabem*, ah how much in love am I!

Jord. Marababa sabem, mean, ah how much in love am I! *Trick.* Yes.

Jord. I am beholden to you for telling me, for I could ne'er have thought that *Marababa sabem*, should signifie, Ah how much in love am I! Ah this Turkish is a most admirable Language.

Trick. Much better than one could imagine; do you know what means *cacaracamouchen?* *Jord. Cacaracamouchen?* no.

Trick. That is to say, my pretty Pigsnie.

Jord. Cacaracamouchen, signifie my pretty Pigsnie? *Trick.* Yes.

Jord. It is a most excellent Language: *cacaracamouchen:* my pretty Pigsnie: ah that a Turk should say so!

Trick. In fine, to tell you my whole Embassey, he is coming down to demand your Daughter in marriage, and to make you worthy to be his Father-in-Law, he will make you a *Mamamouchi* which is the greatest honour and dignity among the Turks. *Jord.* A *Mamamouchi?*

Trick.

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Trick. Yes, a *Mamamouchi*; that is to say, a *Paladin*, and a *Paladin* is a sort of the most ancient. In fine, a *Paladin* is a *Paladin*, and a *Paladin* and a *Mamamouchi* are all one and the same thing: nothing is more noble in the world, and you may walk cheek by Jowl with the greatest Seigniors upon earth.

Jord. The Grand Seignior honours me very much, and I beseech you conduct me to him, to kiss his hand and give him thanks.

Trick. Oh, Sir, he is coming down to you.

Jord. He come down to me?

Trick. Yes, and will instal you in the dignity; it is his custom where e'er he goes to visit, to present the Master of the house with a Turkish habit, and you will instantly have one brought to you to put on.

Jord. That will be noble.

Trick. He will consummate the marriage to night.

Jord. That will be quick dispatch.

Trick. His love cannot brook delay, within a day he departs hence, he will take you and your Daughter a-long with him to *Turkey*, if you'l go.

Jord. But all that I fear is, my Daughter should be averse to the marriage; she is a little untoward sometimes in cases of this nature.

Trick. O, but to be the Grand-Seignior's wife, she to be the Sultaness, and you a *Mamamouchi!* O she cannot refuse this. See, Sir, there comes the greatest man that walks upon the earth.

Enter Cleverwit *in Turkish habit, his train carried up by three Blacks, Turkish attendants, and three Turks with Vest, Turbant, Cemiter and Shoes.*

Clev. Ambousahim, oqui boraf, Jordina, Salamalequi.

Trick. That is to say, Mr. *Jorden*, may your heart be all the year round like a Rose tree full of buds. This is the manner of speaking obligingly in that Country.

Jord. I am his highness the great Turks most humble servant.

Trick. Carigar, cumbito oustin moraf.

Clev. Oustin yoc catamaleqni basum, bose alla morum.

Trick. He wishes Heaven may give you the strength of Lions, and the prudence of Serpents.

Jord. His High and mighty Highness the great Turk does me too great an honour, and I with him all the happiness in the World.

Trick. Ossa binamen sadoc babally oracaf vardm.

Clev. Bell men. [Cleverwit *and attendants exeunt.*

Trick. He says these shall wait on you to cloath you in that habit, in order to the ceremony of making you a *Mamamouchi*, and for the celebrating the Rites of your Daughters Marriage.

Jord. All that in two words?

Trick.

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Trick. O, Sir, the Turkish Language is very significant, much may be said in few words. But to be a *Mamamouchi*, you must be a Mahometan.

Jord. I do not much scruple to change my Religion, for any will serve my turn; but methinks it is not a Gentleman-like quality to change, tho' a man be sure of a better.

Trick. But to be a *Mamamouchi* you must be a Mahometan.

Jord. Then long live *Mahomet*.
Who stops when honour calls is but a Lourdane,
Honour need but to beckon Master *Jorden*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Scene draws open, discovers Cleverwit *sitting in state,* Lucia *on his right hand, and* Betty Trickmore *on his left, Attendants of Turks on each side the Throne. The Mufti with a Turbant stuck full of Lights, sitting at his feet.*

Enter

To solemn Musick on each side of the Stage, many Turks bowing their bodies to Cleverwit. *After them*

Enter

Two Dervises leading in Mr. Jorden *dress'd in a Turkish Vest: But without Turbant, Sash or Cemiter; follow'd by* Trickmore, *dancing Turks and others bearing in the Turbant, Sash and Cemiter. The Mufti rises and takes Mr.* Jorden *to the Bottom of the Stage and Sings.*

Mufti.

Seti sabir / *Ti respondir* / *Se non Sabir* / *Tazir, Tazir* } *Mi star Mufti* / *Tiqui star ti* / *Non Intendir* / *Tazir, Tazir.*

Trick. He bids you hold your peace.

The Mufti runs Jorden *backward, sits down by him on the foot of the Throne; the Turks dance; then the Mufti rises, and the Dervises hurry* Jorden *down to the bottom of the Stage again.*

Trick. Now the Mufti will demand what Religion you are of.

[Trickmore *to* Jorden.

Mufti. Anabaptista, Anabaptista. Derv. and Turk. No, no, no.
Mufti. Bruniſta, Bruniſta? Derv. and Turks. No, no, no.
Mufti. Calvaniſta, Calvaniſta? Derv. and Turks. No, no, no.
Mufti. Papiſta, Papiſta? Derv. and Turks, No, no, no.

Mufti.

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Mufti. Mahometana, Mahometana.
Derv. and Turks. Hivalla, Hivalla, Hivalla.
Mufti ſtamps. *Chou, Chou, Chou.*

At this the dancing Turks which ſtood round about him, ſhrink up their ſhoulders, and jump backward till they come to each ſide of the Stage, and ſtand in Antick poſtures; the Mufti makes ſigns of invocating Mahomet.

Mufti. Mahametta, Mahametta, Mahametta.
2 *Derv. Mahametta,* &c.

Mufti.

Mahometta per Giourdina / *Mi pregar, ſera é Mattina* / *Voler far un Paladina* / *Dé Giourdina, de Giourdina*
Dar Turbanta é dar ſcarcina / *Con Galera é Brigantina* / *Per defender Paleſtina* / *Mahometta,* &c.

The Derviſes ſet the Turbant on Mr. Jorden's *head, and gird him with the Saſh.*

Mufti. Star Bon Turca Giourdina.
Trick. He tells you, you are now made a Turk.
Derv. and Turks. Hivalla, Hivalla, Hivalla.
Jord. Hivalla, Hivalla, &c. *Mufti. Chou, chou, chou.*

The Mufti ſtamps to quiet them. Jorden *falls back in imitation of the Turks before.*

Mufti ſinging and dancing. *Hula baba la chou, ba la baba la da.*
2 *Derv. and Turks. Hula baba,* &c. *Jord.* imitates. *Hula ba,* &c.
Mufti. Chou, chou, chou. [*The Derviſes bring* Jorden *forward again.*
Trick. Now you muſt anſwer for your ſelf.
Mufti. Ti non ſtar Furba. Trick. He asks you if you are a Knave?
Jord. No, no, no. *Mufti. Ti non ſtar Furfanta.*
Trick. He asks you if you are a Paltroon. *Jord.* No, no, no.
Mufti. Donar Turbanta, Donar Turbanta.
Derv. and Turks. Donar Turbanta, &c.
Mufti. Ti ſtar Nobile é non ſtar fabbola
Pigilar Schiabbola.
Trick. He tells you, you are ennobled, and bids you take the Cemiter. 2 *Derv. and Turks. Ti ſtar Nobile,* &c.
Mufti. Dara Dara.
Baſtonnara Baſtonnara.
2 *Derv. and Turks. Dara Dara.*

Here the Derviſes run him back to's ſeat again, and the dancing Turks brandiſh their Cemiters about him. The Mufti ſits down, the Derviſes ſtand on each hand of him. The Turks dance, and at the end of the Dance make a lane, holding their Cemiters in threatning poſtures: the Mufti and Derviſes run Jorden *into the middle of them.*

Mufti.

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Mufti. Non tener Honta.
Queſta ſtar ultima affronta.

2 *Derv. and the Turks.* Non tener, &c.

Here the Mufti and Turks turn round a good while as faſt as they can, and the Derviſes make Jorden *turn round as faſt: They ſtop on a ſudden, and ſtand all bowing to* Mr. Jorden: *Then ſolemn Muſick plays, and* Cleverwit *deſcends to* Jorden, *and lays both his hands on his head.*

Clev. Mamamouchi, Paladin, Paladin.

Exit leading off Betty Trickmore *and* Lucia. *The Stage clears in order: ſolemn Muſick plays all the while.*

Manent Trickmore, Jorden.

Trick. The Sultan ſaluted you as he went off by the Title of *Mamamouchi* and *Paladin.*

Jord. O there is a great grace in the ſound of *Mamamouchi.*

Trick. The next thing you are to do, may it ſo pleaſe the illuſtrious *Mamamouchi*, is to give your Daughter in marriage to the Sultan, and to ſet your hand and ſeal to thoſe writings are drawing within to convey your Land away.

Jord. But why muſt not a *Mamamouchi* have Land?

Trick. A *Mamamouchi* is the greateſt honour a ſubject can be rais'd to, and to have Lands is not conſiſtent with ſo great a Dignity, becauſe it implyes a kind of ſlavery and ſervitude. *Jord.* Humh.

Trick. Another reaſon is, they are men in great Power, and if they might be Poſſeſſors of Land, they might in time purchaſe whole Countries, and raiſe Armies of their Tenants, and become Rebels.

Jord. Humh.

Trick. And for this cauſe no ſubject of the mighty Sultans is permitted to have any inheritance of Land. You my great Maſter and Illuſtrious *Mamamouchi*, will have yearly coming in no leſs than fourſcore or a hundred thouſand pounds a year.

Jord. Well, my Daughter will be provided for by her Marriage, I am going a *Mamamouchi* into *Turkey*: My Son ſhall have my Land, and ſtay in *England* to continue the name, that after ages may know, from whence came *Jonathan Jorden* the great *Mamamouchi.*

Trick. I'll leave you to the congratulation of your friends, that will be flocking to you to ſalute you by your new title. [*Exit* Trickmore.

Jord. Jack, approach: [Jaques *laughs.*
It is below me now, to give you the title of Maſter, I muſt now call thee *Jack*; for thou ſeeſt I am created a *Mamamouchi.*

Jaq. A *Mam*—hi, hi. hi? *Jord.* How now?

Jaq. Vat be you, Sir, a *Mama*—hi, hi, hi?

Jord. I am a *Mamamouchi.* *Jaq.* A *Mamamou*—hi, hi, hi?

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Jord. How dares the knave laugh before a *Mamamouchi*?

Jaq. A *Mamamouchi*— hi, hi, hi?

Jord. What does the ſlave mean?

Jaq. Maitre *Jorden* be a *Mamamouchi*— hi, hi, hi?

Jord. Grand inſolence!

Jaq. O me demand pardon of te great *Mamamouchi*— hi, hi, hi.

Jord. I will not endure this.

Jaq. Me be trouble very muſh, but me can no hold to ſee, hi, hi, hi.

Jord. Slave, to ſee what? *Jaq.* To ſee, hi, hi, hi.

Jord. Hold, or I'l run my ſift down your throat.

Jaq. Me demand pardon on me two knee, hi, hi, hi, you are ſo pleaſant, hi, hi, hi, tat me ne'er ſee te like, hi, hi, hi.

Jord. Thou French Raſcal!

Jaq. You be ſo comical, tat— hi, hi, hi.

Jord. Inſufferable, intolerable, inſupportable.

Jaq. Excuſe me but a little, hi, hi, hi.

Jord. Take warning, or by *Mahomet*, and the great Turk, thy chaſtiſement ſhall be moſt bloody. *Jaq.* O, me have done, hi, hi, hi.

Jord. Hear then. *Jaq.* Hi, hi, hi.

Jord. You *Jack* ſhall go with me into *Turkey*, and be my French Interpreter. *Jaq. Ouy Monſieur*, hi, hi, hi. *Jord.* Are you ſnearing again?

Jaq. Hi, hi, hi, here, Sir, beat a me, box me, buffet me, kick me, give me te baſtonado; but no, hi, hi, hi, hinder me laugh, hi, hi, hi.

Jord. Then by the Turbant of a *Mamamouchi* my revenge ſhall cut thee off. *Jaq.* Hi, hi, hi. O, murder, murder.

Boy. Murder, murder.

Enter Young Jorden.

Y. Jord. What out-cry is this?

Boy. O my Maſter is *buxxaing* the *Muſſu*.

Y. Jord. Hold, Sir, what do you mean to kill him?

Jord. I have ſworn by *Mahomet*, and cannot in honour come off without his head.

Jaq. O pray make te agreement, me only laugh'd out my laugh, hi, hi, hi. *Jord.* Laugh at a *Mamamouchi*?

Y. Jord. Did not Duty reſtrain me, I could not forbear; this ſtrange garb and alteration will raiſe laughter where e'er you go.

Jord. No, I am going where a *Mamamouchi* is adored.

Y. Jord. What mean you, Sir, by *Mamamouchi*?

Jord. I mean *Paladin*, a certain kind of *Paladin*, a *Paladin* and *Mamamouchi* are all one. *Y. Jord.* A certain kind of wild beaſt, is it not?

Jord. I tell you, I am a *Mamamouchi*, it is a certain kind of honour amongſt the Turks: In fine, had you come a little ſooner, you might have ſeen the ceremony. *Y. Jord.* What Ceremony?

Jord.

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Jord. Mahomera par Jordina. *Y. Jord.* What means this?

Jord. Jordina, that is to say *Jordan.* *Y. Jord.* Well, Sir.

Jord. Volar far un Paladina de Jordina. *Y. Jord.* How's that?

Jord. Dar turbanta con gulera. *Y. Jord.* What signifies this?

Jord. Per defender Paleſtina. *Y. Jord.* What mean you by all this?

Jord. Dara, dara baſtonnara.

Y. Jord. Strange kind of gibberiſh this!

Jord. Non tener honta queſta ſtar l'ultima affronta.

Y. Jord. I beſeech your, Sir, let me but know what all this ſignifies.

Jord. [Sings and dances] *Hou la baba lachou, ha la ha ba la da.*

Y. Jord. Certainly, Sir, you are going diſtracted.

Jord. Peace, inſolent, learn to behave your ſelf with more reſpect to a *Mamamouchi.*

Y. Jord. Well, Sir, I come not to offend you, but to acquaint you, that fair *Marina*'s Father is ſo incens'd againſt her for provoking you to quit your intentions, that he has turn'd her out of doors, and vowed in his anger never to ſee her face, till ſhe has reconcil'd you to her, and is become your Wife.

Jord. My Wife! the caſe is altered now, I am a *Mamamouchi.*

Y. Jord. Sir, I was in part the occaſion of her misfortune, therefore give me leave to intreat you to be kind to her.

Jord. No, ſhe has not ſtate nor grandeur enough in her perſon to be a *Mamamoucha, Paladina.* Here comes my Princeſs, ha with what a ſwoop and haughty mein ſhe marches forward! Go you in and peruſe the writings are drawing, and you will ſee what you get by my being a *Mamamouchi.*

Enter Betty Trickmore.

B. Trick. I come to pay the firſt tribute of homage to your new dignity, and to wiſh you much joy of the Election of your Daughter to the Grandeur of Sultanneſs.

Jord. [Making reverences after the Turkiſh mode] Madam, I wiſh you the ſtrength of Serpents, and the prudence of Lions.

B. Trick. I am proud of the honour I have to be the firſt that comes to ſalute you by the title of Great and Illuſtrious.

Jord. Madam, I wiſh that you may be all the year round like a Roſe-tree full of buds, that I may have the gathering them, that with the breath of *Mamamouchi* they may be full blown, that they may ever flouriſh in the Sun ſhine of *Paladines* proſperity, and that———

B. Trick. That would be an honour, Sir, too great.

Jord. Say, will they kindly admit the influence of my love?

B. Trick. Ah, can the heart of a *Mamamouchi* deſcend from the high mountain top of Honour to perch upon a Roſe-tree that grows in the valley?

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Jord. Marabuba ſhem, that is by way of being my own interpreter: Ah how in love am I! *B. Trick.* With me?

Jord. With thee *Caouracamouchen* my pretty Pigſnie.

B. Trick. But do you love me?

Jord. Thee and only thee by *Mahomet.*

B. Trick. After this aſſurance, I no longer will conceal the ſecret of my Quality, then Prince *Mamamouchi*, I am not below your love: here, Sir, take my hand, and know that by birth I am———

Enter Marina *weeping.*

Jord. Little thinks ſhe I know already———what.

B. Trick. Prevented.

Jord. In what an unlucky minute comes ſhe here?

Mar. Ah, Mr. *Jorden*, is it thus you treat a harmleſs maid! can you be ſo cruel after all your vows of love and proffer'd kindneſs to forſake me? Ah, did the meſſage of my love merit no better a return than ſcorn? *B. Trick.* How! what do I hear!

Jord. Pub, Madam, mind not her idle ſtory.

B. Trick. Is it poſſible you ſhould be faithleſs and unconſtant?

Jord. Unconſtant? no, no; it is not in my nature.

B. Trick. Do you then love her ſtill? ah me!

Jord. I love her? that's a good one: look you, Madam, does ſhe ſeem fit to be a *Mamamouchi* or a *Paladina*; no, no, 'tis you I love.

Mar. 'Twas me you did love. *Jord.* Prithee hold thy prating.

Mar. You have forſaken and undone me.

Jord. I think the wench is mad; look you, to put you out of your pain, ſee here I beſtow my hand and heart.

B. Trick. Wou'd you deceive me too? *Jord.* I vow———

Enter Cuſeal.

B. Trick. Hold diſſembler, let me vow firſt. *Jord.* Hear me.

B. Trick. I vow not to hear, nor ſee you this———

Jord. Hold, ah hold; hold.

B. Trick. This half-hour—nor love you if I can help it.

[*Exit* Betty Trickmore.

Mar. Ah hapleſs Maid, what has fate in reſerve for thee but death, that art abandon'd by a Father, and by a Lover forſaken? Unkind and cruel man farewel, you ſoon ſhall hear that I am dead, laid in the cold grave, cover'd o'er with earth, and then forgotten as now forſaken.

[*Exit* Marina.

Cur. What means my friend by this ſad poſture?

Jord. I vow to you, [Jorden *blubbers all the while he ſpeaks.* Mr. Doctor, I cannot help it; I cannot but grieve; I was always good natur'd; I ought to pity her; for the truth on't is I, I, I, have wrong'd her, poor thing!

Cur.

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Cur. Truly my heart melts too, and I have brine in my eyes, I cannot but mourn to see a *Mamamouchi* weep. But the very sound of that word comforts and rejoyces me. *Jord.* And so it does me.

Cur. I heard the news within, and came in haste to wish long life, continual health, and all hearts ease to my friend the Illustrious *Paladin*. Come, Sir, think no more of her, it was her own fault.

Jord. And so it was; but, Mr. Doctor, she came in the most unlucky minute. *Cur.* As how?

Jord. Just as my Princess was about to give me her hand in earnest of her heart, she bolts in, and interrupts us with her whining.

Cur. Strange accident!

Jord. Had she staid but one minute longer, we had struck up the bargain. *Cur.* Indeed!

Jord. And she was just upon discovery to me who she was.

Cur. All will out, Love can keep no secrets.

Jord. She grew jealous presently, and banish'd me her presence.

Cur. But for half an hour, if she can be without your company so long. *Jord.* She had no sooner heard love named, but she flew off.

Cur. You'l have her come about again, like a bird that is scar'd, which takes a flight round, and lights just in the same place.

Jord. I long till the half hour is out, that I may be at her again.

Cur. In the mean time introduce me to the Sultan as a friend of yours, that I may give him my respects as your Son-in-Law.

Jord. Come I'l recommend you to him as my special good friend,

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Simon *in a Cloak, in his Shirt, and Drawers underneath, and* Trickmore.

Trick. Your cloaths stole? which way?

Sir Sim. I left 'em on the chair under the window: when I went in I found the window open.

Trick. Being a ground room it was an easie matter. Well, but I bring you good news after all; Mr. *Jorden* is no more hurt than you or I. *Sir Sim.* Nay then I care not.

Trick. I saw him go in and out at his Fathers house two or three times.

Sir Sim. Did you?

Trick. Come, now I'l carry you to your lodging, I have a friend lives at the end of this street, will make you very welcome for my sake.

Sir Sim. I thank you, Sir; I am so infinitely beholden to you.

Enter Lucia *and* Betty Trickmore.

B. Trick. Here they are.

Luc. I'l keep on my Mask, that Sir *Simon* may not know me.

B. Trick. Ah Gentlemen, Gentlemen! *Trick.* Hā!

B. Trick. Ah, if ye are noble Gentlemen, give protection to a distressed Virgin.

Trick.

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Trick. Sir *Simon*, it is the height of gallantry, and the glory of Knighthood to succour beauty in distress. Madam, be your cause what it will, here are those will stand your champions.

Sir Sim. This adventure makes me think I am a Knight errant.

Trick. Declare fair Damsel what your disasters are, that by the knowledge of them, we may judge how capable we are to serve you.

B. Trick. My Father dying while I was an infant, deliver'd me to the care of his Brother, and in his last Will commanded me to respect my uncle, as I would have done him, had he liv'd; and there left me ten thousand pound in money, and six hundred pounds a year in Land. But the moyety to be forfeited, if I marry'd without this Uncles consent; but he covetous wretch, is now grown so inhumanely cruel, that he would sell me to one I ne'er can love, for half my portion, and force me to be his wife: This five thousand pound here in gold.

[*Opens the Cabinet.*

Trick. Ha, gold, see, Sir *Simon*. *Sir Sim,* Gold indeed!

B. Trick. Was the price my Uncle sold me for, and this is the night I should have been forced to marry against my will: but whilst my Uncle and my intended husband were consulting about my Jointure, my Damsel and I found an opportunity, encourag'd by this Gold and these Jewels to make an escape. *Sir Sim.* A pretty adventure.

Trick. Aye, Sir *Simon*, 'twere pretty indeed, if the story would run on in adventures, till at last it ended as Romances do with a Marriage.

Sir Sim. And I the man.

Trick. Oh, 'twould be a solecism in a Romance to make the Lady distressed marry any other than the Knight had rescu'd her.

Sir Sim. Five thousand pounds in hand, and all these Jewels.

Trick. Besides you'l recover the rest. Lady, this Knight vows he will protect you not only this night, but as long as the fates permit him to draw vital breath.

B. Trick. The daughter of the deceased old *Goodhope* thanks you.

Trick. Goodhope! are you indeed his Daughter? *B. Trick.* The same.

Trick. I knew him well, and was one of the witnesses to the Will you speak of. Could you but get this Girl, Sir *Simon*, you would not lose your labour of coming to Town. But, Madam, who was the man your Uncle would compel you to marry?

B. Trick. One Mr. *Jorden.*

Trick. Jorden! 'twould be a rare revenge if you could get *Jorden*'s Mistress from him.

B. Trick. But rather than be his wife, I have vowed to marry the first Gentleman that asks me the question.

Sir Sim. If I can serve you, sweet Virgin, think of no other.

Trick. Madam, I hear a noise: It may be some body coming in quest of you.

B. Trick.

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B. Trick. O courteous Knight conduct me to ſome place where I may find a refuge. *Sir Sim.* My Arms ſhall be your Sanctuary.

Trick. Sir *Simon*, we'l ſtay now at this houſe, here lodges a young *Oxford* Parſon of my acquaintance, and if the Lady pleaſe to let him pronounce the ſpell of Matrimony, ſhe will no longer be in danger of them that purſue her. *Sir Sim.* Yonder is ſome body coming.

Trick. Away, Sir, with ſword in hand like a valiant Hero, and ſtout Champion, lead off the Virgin in defiance of danger.

Sir Sim. Which thus I do.

Trick. I as your Squire, will follow with the Damſel, and guard the Gold. [*Sir* Simon, Betty Trickmore, Trickmore, Lucia, *exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Jorden, Cureal, *Young* Jorden.

Jord. There: now you are Maſter of my whole eſtate, all is your own. [*Gives him a parchment.*

Y. Jord. This is a ſad bounty, Sir, which gives me your Eſtate, and deprives me of your ſelf: but muſt I never ſee you more? *Jord.* No.

Y. Jord. May I not once in ten years make a voyage to ſee you, Sir, at *Conſtantinople?*

Jord. I thought what you'd be at, but to confine you in *England*, I have ſettled my Eſtate upon you conditionally, and you forfeit it to Mr. Doctor here, if ever you travel out of the three Kingdoms.

Y. Jord. I ſhould have been glad to have ſeen you in your grandeur in *Turkey*, and to have had the honour of being owned by a *Mamamouchi* for his Son, but ſince you will not have it ſo———

Jord. Look you friend, now you ſhall ſee my Sultan Son-in-Law, I know the firſt word will be to aſk for my Daughter, therefore, Son, go ſee if ſhe is dreſs'd, and bid her come away. [*Exit Young* Jorden.

Enter Cleverwit, *two Derviſes, Attendants.*

Cur. I am, may it pleaſe you mighty Sultan, an intimate friend of your noble Father-in-Law here, the new created *Mamamouchi:* I am come to pay you my profound reſpects and ſervices, and to do reverence to the hem of your veſt.

Jord. Where is this Interpreter now to tell him who you are, and what it is you ſay? Ah you ſhall hear how obligingly he will anſwer you, where a-duce is this man gone? [*to* Cleverwit] *Strouf, ſtrif, ſtrof, ſtraf;* this is a *Doctore*, a *Doctore*, a grand man with the King, a *Mamamouchi* Engliſh: Euh, I cannot make him underſtand me better.

Clev. Cacaracamouchen.

Jord. Aye, your *Cacaracamouchen* is dreſſing, dreſſing, I knew he would be asking for my Daughter. [*He makes ſigns of dreſſing.*

Clev. Marababa ſahem. *Jord.* Aye, and ſhe is *Marababa ſahem.*

Cur. What's that? *Jord.* He tells me, he is deeply in love.

Jaq. [Within] Tieves, tieves, tieves, begar.

Jord.

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Jord. Hark, they cry Thieves.

Jord. and *Jaq.* Euh. | Jorden *is going out in haste,* Jaques *enters, runs against him, and almost beats him backward.*

Jord. Villain, hadſt thou a mind to be the death of a *Mamamouchi?*

Jaq. O me beg te pardon. But me come to tell you of Teives, Rogues, you be rob, rob of your gold, rob of your money.

Jord. and *Cur.* Rob'd?

Jaq. Me had te occaſion to go into your Shambré, and me find your ſheſt, your iron ſheſt open, noting witin, all gone, gone.

Jord. No Cabinet? no Gold?

Jaq. No, no Cabinet, no Gold, no Money, noting at all, all gone, all gone. *Jord.* Find out the Thief, or you are he.

Jaq. Teif, teif, jernè Frenchman and Teif, begar find out te Teif your ſelf, ho, ho.

Jord. Ah good *Jack*, good Mr. *Jack*, find out the Thief has ſtole the Cabinet, the Jewels, my Princeſs Jewels.

Jaq. O ho den Maitre *Jaques* be no Tief.

Jord. No, run, run, cry ſtop Thief, ſtop Thief.

[*Runs up and down the Stage.*

Clev. Caſſa molon. [Cleverwit *ſpeaks to him.*

Jord. Oh rob'd, rob'd, rob'd of my Princeſs Jewels: Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Enter Young Jorden.

Y. Jord. Oh, Sir, undone, undone.

Jord. Aye, undone, undone, the Cabinet, the Jewels.

Y. Jord. My Siſter, Sir. *Jord.* No, no, ſhe has 'em not.

Y. Jord. Is ſtole, is gone.

Jord. Aye, aye, they are ſtole, and gone, quite gone.

Y. Jord. Aye, Sir, my Siſter is ſtole, my Siſter is gone.

Jord. You Siſter gone too!

Y. Jord. Aye, Sir, gone away, run away, ſtole away.

Jord. O unfortunate *Mamamouchi!* loſe my gold, loſe my daughter; and now the Jewels are loſt, I ſhall loſe my Princeſs too. Oh undone, undone. *Cur.* Alas, alas!

Y. Jord. She left this note on her Table to let you know ſhe could not like the great Turk ſo well as another, you once approv'd of for her husband, and to avoid the marriage, is fled away into the arms of one will this night make her his Wife.

Jord. Oh, undone, undone, undone. *Cur.* Have patience, Sir.

Jord. Now ſhall not I be carryed into *Turkey*, but remain a ſneaking *Mamamouchi* here in *England.*

Enter

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Enter Trickmore.

Trick. What is your daughter gone?

Jord. Aye, Sir, the baggage just as she was to have been the she great Turk, is run away.

Trick. She is but at the next house, I saw her led in by a man muffl'd in a Cloak.

Y. Jord. I'll follow, and prevent the dishonour of our Family.

[*Exit Young* Jorden.

Jord. Bring the baggage home. *Cur.* A fortunate discovery.

Jord. Pray tell his greatness, that this Gentleman is my special friend, and a person of much worth, and one that is ambitious of his smiles. Now you shall hear how he'l answer you.

Trick. Alabala crociam, acciboram alabamen.

Clev. Cutalequi tubal ourin soter amalouchen. Jord. Loe you there.

Trick. He says, may the rain of prosperity always besprinkle the Garden of your Family. *Jord.* There's for you.

Enter Young Jorden, Lucia, Jaques.

Cur. Fine, indeed.

Y. Jord. Nay, I must deliver you into the hands of my Father: There, Sir, and now I'l send the Thief after her to you. Come *Jaques.*

[*Exeunt Young* Jorden *and* Jaques.

Jord. Ah graceless Girl!

Cur. Why, Madam, do you so ill requite a Father that is so provident for your good, and seeks to dispose of you with so much advantage: see what a glorious husband here stands ready for you.

Luc. I pursued but mine own inclinations, he once approv'd of Sir *Simon* for his Son-in-Law.

Jord. Ha! was he the man? he's a pockey beggarly Knight: Come give me your hand, I will dispose of you to more advantage, the grand Seignior does me the honour to demand you in marriage. Come, come near: immortal glory crown your nuptials. *Luc.* Ah, Sir.

Jord. Go too, give him your hand. *Luc.* Marry a Turk?

Jord. Yes, the great Turk. *Luc.* Not I. *Jord.* I'l see it done.

Luc. No, Sir, you have no power to force me to take any man but Sir *Simon* for my Husband.

Jord. Do't, or the breath of a *Mamamouchi* shall blast thee; do't, or may never the Rain of prosperity besprinkle thy Grass-plat.

Cur. Be obedient to your Father. *Luc.* In any thing but this.

Jord. In this, or I'l send you beyond Sea to a Nunnery.

Cur. Use no violence.

Luc. Rather let me dye than prove false to Sir *Simon.*

Jord. Take her hence, and let her be lock'd up all night in the Cellar, I'l pack her beyond Sea to morrow.

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Luc. Ah, Sir, I'l do any thing rather than go to a Nunnery, that were to be buryed alive.

Jord. So then, down on your marrow-bones, ask him forgiveneſs for running away. Sir, I beſeech you to tell him. [*To* Trickmore.

Trick. Not that ſhe fled away from his love: I'l tell him, ſhe proſtrates her ſelf before him to know if he thinks her worthy to be his Sultana. *Jord.* Pray do. *Trick. Bolac allim ouſtin malaf aſir.*

Clev. Boloma tafti. Trick. She ſhall be the Glove to his right hand.

Jord. Ah, ha. *Clev. Elcan alhoim.*

Trick. The Roſe-bud in his Noſe-gay. *Jord.* Ha, ha.

Clev. Malta haraban. Trick. The plum in his broth. *Cur.* Pretty.

Clev. Crouſtan meli.

Trick. The cruſt to his bread: (which the Turks love wonderfully.) *Clev. Tartof anachi Trick.* A Jewel to wear at his heart.

Cur. Brave! *Jord.* I, is it not? *Clev. Straca taſti.*

Trick. The Joy of his ſoul. *Clev. Hulalli, bulalli.*

2 *Derv. Hulalli, bulalli, bulalli.*

[Cleverwit *throws his handkerchief in* Lucia's *boſome.*

Trick. His bed-fellow, his bed-fellow, his bed-fellow. Madam, you muſt veil your face with that handkerchief, and ſuffer your ſelf to be led by theſe Derviſes to the Mufti who are prepar'd for the Ceremonies of the Marriage. *Jord.* Is it not a pretty Language?

Cur. Full of very obliging Phraſes.

[*The two Derviſes lead out* Lucia *veiled with the handkerchief.*

Enter Sir Simon *guarded,* Jaques, *Boy with the Cabinet.*

Jaq. Allonz Teif, come along and be hang'd.

Sir Sim. What a Devil do ye haul me, as if I had ſtole the money.

Jord. Stole it? pray how came your worſhip by it elſe?

Sir Sim. I came honourably by it.

Jord. And you ſhall as honourably be hang'd for it.

Sir Sim. Be hang'd for receiving money?

Jord. The Receiver is as bad as the Thief. Bear witneſs, that will hang him. *Sir Sim.* I receiv'd it as my wifes portion.

Cur. A cunning piece of policy, rob you of Gold and Jewels, run away with your Daughter, and being taken, ſay he receiv'd it as her Portion.

Jord. That excuſe will not do, he ſtole both it, and my Daughter too.

Sir Sim. Daughter! what Daughter did I ſteal?

Jord. Nay, ſhe's not far off. *Sir Sim.* Aye, let me hear her ſay it.

Jord. It's no matter whether ſhe ſays it or no, ſhe was found in the houſe where you was.

Sir Sim. What's that to me, ſhe might follow me for ought I know.

Jord. That's a cunning excuſe, follow you?

Sir

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Sir Sim. She's not so modest a woman, but that she might——— Ask him there else. [*Pointing to* Trickmore.

Ford. My Daughter not modest?

Trick. As any woman in Town for any thing that I can say.

Sir Sim. aside] He'l not be known he told me. Well, if he won't say it, I know others that will; and if all be true is said, I am not the first man she has followed.

Cur. 'Tis ungenerous, Sir *Simon*, now you cannot have the Lady to defame her.

Ford. That is malice: if she followed you, did that Cabinet with the gold and Jewels follow you too?

Sir Sim. But she that had 'em did.

Ford. Cunning knave, he thinks to escape by laying the Theft on my Daughter still.

Sir Sim. What do you tell me of your Daughter still? ask that man if it did not follow me, now you go to that.

Trick. Ask me?

Sir Sim. Did not a Lady come running after us?

Trick. After who? *Sir Sim.* You and I. *Trick.* When?

Sir Sim. A little while ago. *Trick.* Where?

Sir Sim. In the street. *Trick.* Not as I know.

Sir Sim. Why? was not you and I together when a Lady came and beg'd our protection? *Trick.* You amaze me! what Lady was it?

Sir Sim. She that told us the story of her Uncle that would have sold her, and how she escap'd. *Trick.* What means he?

Ford. Loe you there. *Trick.* I ne'er saw you in my life till just now.

Sir Sim. Hye-day, hye-day.

Trick. Sure he is dreaming of Romances.

Ford. Or else he is mad.

Cur. He is indeed much troubled with melancholy fancies, and melancholy is a sort of madness, that will be his best plea before a Judge.

Sir Sim. I thank you Mr. Quack, you'l be sure to speak for your Patient, you play'd fine Pranks with me to day.

Ford. Come, Sir Knight, speak to the purpose: what is this to the Gentlewoman that followed you with the Cabinet?

Sir Sim. And what is the Gentlewoman to you?

Ford. Yes, she is something to me.

Sir Sim. What? because you bought her of her Uncle for half her portion? *Ford.* What means he now?

Sir Sim. And this night he was to force her to marry you?

Ford. He grows mad, stark mad.

Sir Sim. You will be so anon, when you know she is the Lady I have marryed, and that it was she gave me this Cabinet.

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Trick. Can you guess what he would be at?

Jord. Not in the least, I know nothing of any Marriage, Uncle, or any thing like it. *Cur.* Pray where is this Lady wife you talk of?

Sir Sim. She was too cunning for you, she slipt out at the back door, but if you find her, you'l be ne'er the better, I assure you, ha, ha, he. We are married, she is my wife now, and so pray set your hearts at rest.

Jord. This is all but fiction; but we have proof enough to hang him.

Enter Betty Trickmore.

Sir Sim. Here she comes that will clear all. *Jord.* My dear Princess!

Cur. See she's displeas'd with you.

Jord. There is much of Majesty in her frowns.

B. Trick. Ungrateful man, false and unconstant!

Jord. Ah Soveraign Lady of my soul!

B. Trick. Unworthy me, and my love.

Jord. On his knees, behold your *Mamamouchi* falls.

B. Trick. My dear Knight, my dear Sir *Simon*, have I found you?

Jord. Hau.

Sir Sim. My bosom shall be your Sanctuary, and my arms magick Circles to keep thee here for ever; love shall be the sweet enchantment of our souls.

Jord. My Princess is grown very loving, sure she mistakes her man.

Sir Sim. My dear bride, my dear wife, I've been at such a loss for want of thy presence. *Jord.* How is that? his Wife!

Trick. It may be this is the Lady he has married.

Jord. That is my Princess: away with him, if he has marryed her I'l hang him, because it is the speediest and surest Divorce can be had.

B. Trick. No, malicious man: this Cabinet is mine. I took it out of your custody, as unworthy to keep any thing that belong'd to a Princess: The Key your servant gave me when you cast your skin.

Sir Sim. A Princess!

Trick. You see your fortune. [*Exit* Trickmore.

Jord. Am I then depriv'd of my love, a Princess and revenge at once? Here comes *Marina*, I'l be content with my leavings, and marry her presently.

Enter Young Jorden *and* Marina.

You come opportunely, Mrs. *Marina*, for in spight of that Princess there, I will make thee a *Mamamouchа*. *Mar.* What is that, Sir?

Jord. Thou shalt be my Wife. *Mar.* I am your Daughter, Sir.

Y. Jord. I thought my self concerned to repair the Injuries you had done her. I wanted nothing before to gain her Fathers consent, but an estate, and your bounty supplyed me with that.

Jord. Depriv'd of *Marina* too!

Y. Jord. Our business now was to ask you blessing.

Jord.

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Ford. A bleſſing without an eſtate is but a name, and you had that beforehand: Well, my comfort is I am a *Mamamouchi.*

Enter Cleverwit, Trickmore, Lucia, *Attendants.*

Trick. Sir, the Marriage is concluded, the Sultan is your Son-in-Law.

Ford. They were very eager, married before I come.

Trick. They come now to ask your bleſſing, which the Turks do by bowing.

Ford. Princeſs, pine at my glory: behold me Father to the Grand Seignior, and the worlds greateſt Emperour bows to me. Love and conqueſt crown your lives.

Clev. Your Son-in-Law but no Sultan, thanks you.

Cleverwit *bowing low lets fall his Turbant, and beard; then ſtands up and is diſcovered.*

Ford. How! Mr. *Cleverwit?*

Clev. The ſame, Sir, I am no Turk great or little.

Ford. Am I no *Mamamouchi* then? *Sir Sim.* and *B. Trick.* Ha, ha, he.

Ford. Friend, Mr. Doctor, what ſhall I ſay? muſt I be content with a pittiful Knighthood at laſt?

T. Ford. You'l find your ſelf defeated there too: for, him you take for a favourite at Court, and a Doctor, is neither favourite nor Doctor; but one inſtructed and employed by me to work upon your *Capricio* of ſetting up for a Gentleman, thereby to ſupply my own neceſſities, and by the event to bring you to ſee the vanity of your extravagancy.

Clev. This is certain truth, Sir. *Ford.* No Doctor? *Cur.* No, Sir.

Ford. Avoid Satan, thou art then the Devil.

T. Ford. No, Sir, he is onward on his way, he is a Mountebanck, and may in time take his degree, as moſt of them do.

Cur. I have an excellent cure for your corns, powders for the teeth, oyntments for the itch, plaiſters for byles, and ſo forth.

Sir Sim. Save you Mr. Doctor: ſave you Illuſtrious *Mamamouchi*, ha, ha, he.

Ford. Well, I am vexed at nothing ſo much, as his getting my Princeſs; and could I be reveng'd of him for that, and his inſolent inſulting——

Trick. Well, Sir, now come I in with my diſcovery; and to gain your pardon for taking on me to be a Fencer to prevent your going to Sir *Simon*: and alſo my pretending to be a *Norwich* Merchant to foreſtal Sir *Simon*'s addreſs to Mrs. *Lucia*, I will change the Scene of Sir *Simon*'s mirth, and let him know, that his Princeſs will not diſdain to call me brother, and is by occupation a Sempſtreſs.

Sir Sim. Another turn yet?

Ford. I give you joy, Sir, ha, ha, ha, joy of your Princeſs, ha, ha, ha; *bula baba la chou.* [*Sings and dances.*

Sir

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Sir Sim. Where is the Cabinet, the gold and Jewels?

B. Trick. Lafs, Sir, they are none of mine.

Clev. The Jewels, and part of the gold I ſeize on as mine.

Y. Ford. And the reſt is mine, only lent to carry on the deſign of her perſonating a Princeſs. *Sir Sim.* No portion then?

B. Trick. My Dowry is my brain.

Trick. Wit without money has long been the inheritance of our Family, and yours, Sir *Simon*, is a Family that has money without wit; 'tis a proper Marriage for you, and both our houſes will be much the better for it hereafter.

Ford. Lord! Sir *Simon*, what luck had you to get my Princeſs from me, ha, ha, he, you'l have God knows what with her, ha, ha, he; you'l ne'er be able to count her portion, ha, ha, he.

Sir Sim. This Town produces nothing but wonders.

B. Trick. And one was, that I ſhould be fond of you, Sir *Simon*.

Y. Ford. Bear it with fortitude, Sir *Simon*, ſuch misfortunes ſometimes befal Knights errants.

Clev. I ride the hind horſe, I marryed but your Ladies Damſel; this is the maid that carried the luggage.

Sir Sim. I am ſorry for nothing ſo much as the loſs of that, for it ſpoils half the conceit of a good ſubject for a Romance.

Y. Ford. But the turn of it makes it fitter for a Comedy in theſe days, and that is much better, for the Knight and the Damſel ſtill ſhake hands at the end of the intrigue.

Ford. Save you, Sir Knight errant, much joy to you and the Lady of your adventures, ha, ha, he.

Sir Sim. Laugh on Sir, 'tis your turn now. Well, Lady Wife, and Brother-in-Law I embrace you both: I'l down to morrow into *Suffolk* where you ſhall be welcome: there people either have more honeſty, or leſs wit: we have no cheating there, but with Lords and Jockies at Horſe-races, and Ladies at Cards.

Ford And you, Sir *Simon*, have got one will match the beſt, if ſhe holds on as ſhe begins, ha, ha, he; Sir, I doubt not but ſhe'l improve upon your hand, ha, ha, he.

Y. Ford. I am glad, Sir, you lay things no more to heart, if you pleaſe to make up the money, Mr. *Cleverwit* has of mine in the Cabinet, a convenient Portion for my Siſter, I'l reſtore to you one half of your eſtate.

Ford. Well tho' now I affect not much to play the Gentleman, yet in this laſt act to croſs Fortune, I will ſhew my ſelf a Gentleman: Mr *Cleverwit* I'l do it.

Clev. I thank you Sir:

To reclaim ſome men from their extravagances,

We

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We must appear indulgent to their humours,
And push them forward to undertakings
Yet more indiscreet, that rais'd high in hopes
They may from the unexpected events
Be convinc'd of their follies.
For, fools are obstinate to good advice;
Experience, and not precept makes them wise.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

FRom the Court party we hope no Success,
Our Author is not one of the Noblesse,
That bravely does maintain his Miss in Town,
Whilst my great Lady is with speed sent down,
And forc'd in Country Mansion house to fix;
That Miss may rattle here in Coach and six.
If one of these the Author was, perchance
You'd joyn your int'rest, and the Play advance:
For tho' you great ones and you Courtiers be
Not o'er good natur'd, you've Civilitie.
Nor is he one you call a Town-Gallant,
Who for fine cloaths does seldom money want:
But drives at cheaper rates the sinful trade,
Seduces Wives, sometimes a Chamber-maid:
That at Jero's *or* Satt'lins *goes to dinner;*
And thence repairs to th' Play to meet a sinner:
And here with Burgundy *and brisk Sablée*
Inspir'd, with vizard-Masque holds reparteé.
After the Play in joulting Hack he goes,
Where his companions have their Rendevouz.
In pairs they meet, and Ala mode *of* France
They sup, they have the fiddles too and dance:
Tow'rds morning, when they think of going home,
Each Gallant on a Couch in the next room,
In's turn takes gentle solace with his Punk;
Drops her a Guinney, and sends her home half drunk.
All of that Gang by this confession too
Are lost. Ladies, our Author trusts in you.

He

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He is a man as modeſt for his age,
As moſt you've ſeen, who know him dare engage
That he has kept 'till now his puſillage.
But alas! the world to that paſs is grown,
The modiſh women are aſham'd to own
A ſober man: to like his Play will be,
As great a ſcandal as his companie.
For he obſerves, and it is very true,
That modeſty's not much approv'd in you.
And is of late ſo out of faſhion grown,
She that is honeſt ſcarcely dares it own.
But does, howe'er her mind affected is,
Put on the briſk gay carriage of a Miſs.
But Ladies, hope the Poet one day may
Converted be; for he that writes a Play,
If not debauch'd, yet is in a fair way.
To gain your favours he reſolves to be
In all the Town the greateſt debaucheé:
And in a very little time may grow
Debaueh'd enough to be aſham'd of you.

FINIS.

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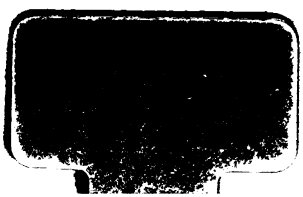

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